McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XLI. | SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, NOV. 17, 1904. | NO. 45

ITALIANS AND SLAVS FIGHT

Desperate Hand to Hand Fight in the Woods Monday Evening.

TWO SLAVS WOUNDED BY ITALIANS

One of the Men's Assailants Was Beaten Terribly and Left for Dead Subsequently He Was Carried Away—No Clue.

The Bradford Era of Tuesday says: A mysterious affray occurred yesterday evening at about 5:30 o'clock on the road leading to Marshburg, a few miles above Custer City. As a result two men are seriously wounded, a third has a bad cut on one of his hands and a fourth is so badly beaten that he may not recover.

During the day a party of five Slavs employed on the wood cutting job by Mike Sorg, at a camp two miles this side of Marshburg, came to Bradford on a purchasing trip. They had some beer to drink while in the city, but were not intoxicated when they started on an afternoon car of the Lewis Run line, toward the place where they were employed. As the car pulled out of Bradford an Italian boarded it and later another Italian became a passenger.

At Custer City the Slavs and Italians left the car, the Slavs buying some articles in a store at that place. Then they started toward the camp. The two Italians joined them and the seven men proceeded on their way up the hill.

When they were in a lonely place in the woods, one of the Italians, without a word of warning, pulled a .32 calibre revolver and began to shoot. In rapid succession he fired five shots and when the smoke cleared away two of the Slavs were lying in the road, one shot in the abdomen and the other in the hip.

The Italian shooter's companion, when the firing began, added to the excitement by brandishing a large knife and trying to stab one of the intended victims. The latter clutched the knife and while he sustained a bad cut on one of his hands, he escaped further injury. The Italian who had wielded the knife then retreated while the Slavs attacked the shooter. They overpowered him, and kicked and pounded him until they beleived he was dead. Then they carried their wounded companions to their camp, and a telephone message was sent from Hawkin's Lease, nearby, to Custer City, summoning Dr. Chesney to give surgical aid to their wounded men.

In the meantime, after the camp had been reached by the Slavs, a party went back down the road, to the scene of the battle, to ascertain whether the Italian who had been left there, was dead or alive, and were greatly surprised on reaching the spot to find that he had been removed. The injured man was not to be seen anywhere in the vicinity. A pool of blood showed where he had received summary punishment for his unprovoked attempt at murder.

The supposition is that the injured Dago was carried to some of the Italian choppers' camps in the neighborhood and cared for. However, this is only surmise. He may have been fatally beaten and his body may have been hidden in the woods by his pal.

The foregoing details were obtained from Chief of Police Murray last night after that official, Coroner Hall, Constable Sprater and Officer Bain had driven to the scene of the attempted murder. The officers and Coroner had been informed early in the evening that two of the men were probably dead and it was on that account that the Coroner visited the place.

Later reports are to the effect that the Italian supposed to be seriously injured or killed escaped without serious injury. The wounded Slavs are improving and it is not anticipated that either of them will die. It is also claimed that the Slavs were attempting to steal some wedges from the Italians and the fight started over the recovery of them.

The Young Wife.

The Hose company have made arrangements with Charles Payne, a dramatist, to put on a play at the Lyceum, Friday, Nov. 18, the characters are being taken by young folks of our city. Rehearsals are now in progress, and a first class entertainment is promised. Mr. Payne comes highly recommended having put on various entertainments in near by towns. Little girls will give dancing specialties between the acts. Everything will be done to make this an event in the way of a grand success. The play to be given "The Young Wife," is a very interesting comedy drama.

Card of Thanks.

I desire to thank the people of Crosby for their kindness during the sickness and death of my wife, also the Improved Order of Red Men.

GEO W. LATHROPE, Newerf, Pa.

Ladies call at Rubin's shoe store for the Acme Cushion shoe.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Eugene Mullin of Port Allegany was admitted to the bar at the last term of court in this county, an item of interest which we have unintentionally neglected to mention heretofore. Eugene has sufficient talent, industry and energy to win a place in the front rank of his profession, and he may be looked upon as an acquisition to the McKean county bar. [July 13, 1876.]

A little son of John Hoop, of Lafayette township, had his leg broken on the Fourth by the blowing out of a wooden plug from an old musket barrel with which the boys were celebrating. The little fellow will never forget his Centennial of 1876.

Stephen Irons brags of the arrival of a centennial boy at his house Tuesday evening July 18, 1876. The young man allows that he may be too late to attend the Centennial Exhibition this year, but will certainly go to the next one.

Miss Emma Oviatt gave a picnic in Squire Oviatt's grove Saturday, July 15, 1876, for the benefit of her school. The school exercises, dinner and dancing were highly satisfactory to all, and much credit is due the teacher for the manifest improvement in the education of her scholars.

Two nieces of Hon. L. Rogers, Misses Brown and James, and Miss Nettie Nuggett came very near meeting with a serious accident while out riding Sunday, August 6, 1876. In turning around to return home they managed in some mysterious manner to push the axle entirely through one of the forward wheels, breaking all the spokes and upsetting the carriage and spilling the occupants out upon the ground. The horses started to run but were caught by John Caskey before any more damage occurred. Fortunately none of the ladies were seriously injured, though considerably shaken up and frightened.

The appointment of Rev. H. Q. Miller, rector of the Episcopal church of this place, has been definitely decided upon. He is to hold services on the first and third Sundays of each month.

D. M. Lyman of Roulette has opened a boot and shoe shop in Smethport. Mr. Lyman is a good workman and a gentleman in every sense of the word. Smethport is to be congratulated.—Potter Enterprise.

We understand that the unhung villain who cut down the Republican pole in Ceres township is well known, and is a resident of Potter county. We always thought those Potter county Democrats were a hard nation. The editor of the Enterprise for instance.

On the motion of District Attorney Cotter, Alex McCauley was appointed at the last term of court (Sept. 1876) a special detective of McKean county.

The election proclamation for the presidential election of 1876 showed there were but 16 election precincts in McKean county at that time. In the present year of our Lord, 1904, there are 45, an increase of 29 in 28 years.

Geo. King has undertaken to run a milk wagon for the accommodation of the children and babes, old and young, of this borough. A regular milk wagon is an institution that has long been needed here, and we are glad to learn that George's efforts to supply the need are being encouraged by a liberal patronage.

A lively game of base ball was played on Saturday, Oct. 7, 1876, between the Centennials of Norwich and the Unknown second nine of this place, on the grounds of the former. The game resulted in a score of 26 runs for the Unknowns and 19 for the Centennials. The boys have good reason to feel quite elated over their victory.

Dr E. G. Brown has left Clermont and now has his headquarters at Smethport, where he holds himself in readiness to attend promptly to all calls in his profession in any part of the county.

The friends of Rev. J. L. Rusbridge will be deeply pained to hear of the sad affliction that has overtaken him in his western home. Death has entered his family and taken his eldest child, Annie, whom all will remember as an exceedingly bright intelligent girl, and one whose many lovable qualities endeared her to young and old. Mr. and Mrs. Rusbridge have the sympathy of their many friends in this community in their great bereavement. The death occurred at Winfield, Kansas, on Wednesday, Sept. 27, 1876.

The county commissioners were in session last Saturday, Oct. 7, 1876, and decided as a measure of safety to have the cupola on the court house removed immediately. Some of the timbers in the structure are badly decayed and it is considered decidely insecure.

J. Olmsted, on the Clark farm at Tarport has struck oil in the shale rock. The oil commenced to flow at the rate of nearly 200 barrels a day. It will soon be exhausted at that rate.

Don't take chances on losing a friend by asking him to loan you his gun when we will rent you a first-class one for the small amount of 50c per day.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Entered into Life Eternal.

In the early evening on Friday, Nov. 11, 1904, at her home in Shelby, Ohio, Alice McCoy, daughter of Dr. H. D. and Clara Ford McCoy, and beloved wife of James Frank Olmstead. The unexpected and sad news brought deep sorrow to her many relatives and friends in this town, and all who knew her.

The change from the bright, beautiful life, so abundant in its freshness of spirit and ardor of expression and movement, to the impassiveness and unresponsiveness of death was too fresh for us to realize at once.

In her, indeed, was an ideal child and wife and mother, one full of affection, and with generous and unselfish responsiveness to the love and friendship which went out to her from so many hearts. There was a charm in her intellectual nature in its eager movement and a certain child-like sweetness, with a poetical temperament shown in the vivid perception and enjoyment of nature in the woods and hills, the wild flowers and the birds, and in the charming ability to interest children in these things by beautiful descriptive stories.

She was able to appreciate the best in literature and in music, in which she had an exceptional talent. She was a born musician, with a true instinct of the divine art, and a God-given talent to express it with rare beauty of tone color, and to give that impressiveness through the soul which quickly responds to the author's ideas in perfect sympathy and true feeling.

It is needless to speak of this to the people of this town, who so often heard that pure silvery voice in its cultured training and wonderful power on many occasions, in public, in their homes, at funeral services and in St. Luke's church, where for years she gladly gave her heaven-born talent to offer the best in the worship of praise, in anthem and oratorio, in the Church Creed and Eucharistic service. And this was done in so excellent and devout way that oftentimes, particularly on the great festivals of Easter, Christmas and Whitsun-Day, the priest felt that there was no need for him to add a sermon in words, as the mysteries and blessedness of redemption had been expressed as with the beauty of a voice from heaven. Best of all was the strong Christian faith, and pure spiritual life in her deeply religious nature. She was fond of social pleasures and greatly enjoyed them, but not at the expense of religious duties, and in that spirit which fills a true religion with the teaching of joy and happiness in personal and social life.

The same work and helpful service given in St. Luke's church was taken up, assisted by her husband, in the church at Shelby, Ohio, where her loss is deeply mourned in the whole community. In that place, in a homelike home, a few short years of enjoyable life were hers, which we cannot but wish might have continued. But it was ordered otherwise.

The Holy Communion was administered to her on Wednesday last and on Friday evening, about twenty minutes before her sister, Mrs. Baker, and Rev. Mr. McCandless reached the home her sweet spirit passed away in perfect consciousness and peace.

The beautiful prayer-song, the exquisite gem from the "Hear My Prayer" of Mendelssohn, re-echoing still in St. Luke's in the ears of all who ever heard her sing it, was now realized,—"O for the wings of a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest." Those within the circle of near relationship, to whom her life and character were open wide, know how true are the words of this tribute to Alice McCoy Olmstead. In the transition and the passing of such a soul into the life of the world beyond is realized, with thankfulness, the divine prayer, "Father, I desire that they also, whom Thou hast given me, be with me where I am."

The funeral services were at St. Luke's church Monday noon, Nov. 14. The Altar and Chancel were adorned with many lilies and flowers, sent by relatives and friends, by the choir, and the St. Cecilia members who remain, of which society Mrs. Olmstead was one of the original members. The St. Cecilia badge was formed in her favorite flowers. A large choir was present with additions from other choirs and friends who were glad to sing for one who had often given her services when needed. An Easter hymn (248) was sung as the choir preceded the funeral train to the Chancel, the other hymns in the service being Nos. 241, "Blessing, Honor, Thanks and Praise," and 423, "Lead, Kindly Light." Hymn 412, "The King of Love My Shepherd Is," was sung at the close of the service, the choir stopping in the central aisle around their former choir member, while singing in verse, Psalm 23, the praise of the Good Shepherd, the last lines of which hymn expressed a hope realized for one, and, as it were, in a voice from Paradise in unison with the choir, "Good Shepherd May I Sing Thy Praise Within Thy House Forever."

The Acme Cushion shoe for ladies is a relief to sore feet and corns. See them at Rubin's exclusive shoe store.

Civil Court News.

Civil Court convened at 2 p. m. Monday, Judge Bouton presiding. Of the 25 cases on the trial list the following were settled out of court: M. Boner vs. Frank Fritz, assumpsit; P. H. Davitt, James Shea and Honora Shea vs. Flora E. Smith, trespass; P. H. Davitt, James Shea and Honora Shea vs. John H. Smith, trespass; William Banghart vs. Hiram Williams, trespass.

In the case of Ida V. Skinner vs. Nellie M. Baker, ejectment, the jury was instructed, by agreement of the parties, to render a verdict in favor of the defendant.

In the case of Bridget Sheehy vs. S. D. Heffner, trespass, plaintiff took a non-suit.

The following persons have recived naturalization papers: James W. Brown of Simpson, a native of Canada; Alfonzo Gieri of Bradford, a native of Italy: Raffaele Ongusto of Bradford, a native of Italy; Antonio Visci of Bradford, a native of Italy; Giacomo Mancillo of Bradford, a native of Italy; Samuel Razzano of Hutchins, a native of Italy.

In the case of P. H. Davitt vs. A. Mayer the court granted a compulsory non-suit.

The case of Emma Ahlbeck vs. the Supreme Tent of the K. O. T. M. for $1,000 insurance on her husband's life was settled, the plaintiff receiving $830.00. The defendant's claimed Gust Ahlbeck committed suicide, thus debarring his beneficiary from the insurance according to his policy.

In the case of A. F. Bannon, vs. Olean, Rock City & Bradford Railway Co., the jury rendered a verdict of $449.13, in favor of the plaintiff.

In the case of Harvey McGiffin vs. the Swanson Grocery Company the defendant failed to appear, and the jury was instructed to find in favor of the plaintiff in the sum of $260.13.

In the case of Mary Kemp vs. the Supreme Tent of the K. O. T. M. to recover $1,000 insurance on her son's life, the court instructed the jury to render a verdict for the defendant on the ground that Ernest Kemp, being in arrears, was suspended ipso facto by the provisions of the by laws and could not be reinstated by the mere payment of arrearages to the subordinate tent, but must be reinstated by complying with certain rules of the order providing for a re-examination by a physician, etc., or by a waiver on the part of the supreme tent of all irregularities.

A Tribute to Mrs. Alice McCoy Olmstead.

(From the Smethport Travellers' Club.)

"Life is the torrid day,
Burned by the wind and sun;
And death the calm, cool evening hour
When the weary day is done."

Sorrow is the one element in which all mankind find a common sympathy, and to the members of the Travellers' Club the death of Mrs. Olmstead has caused a deep and sincere sorrow. She has been an honored member of our Club for several years, and the memory of her voice is as grateful and sweet to her friends as the white petals of a flower or "the tenderest heart-beat in a poet's song."

She was a woman devoted to her family and to her God. She has left a choice legacy in her Christian example, in her integrity, and tender devotion to her family.

"Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my very heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart."

To the bereaved family we extend our heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement, and though we cannot but grieve for their loss, yet we rejoice in the knowledge of her noble life. "She has passed into the everlasting repose of the inner sanctuary."

No life closes without sadness. We never part hands that have been clasped life-long in loving tenderness but the hour is sad. But, we know that our Redeemer liveth, and God grant that we may know it in that final hour, when, like her, there is nothing for us but to turn to God.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 16, 1904.

Death of Mrs. McGill.

Mrs. Matie McGill, relict of the late John McGill of Farmers Valley, died at the Olean hospital last Sunday evening, aged about 42 years. Death was caused from a complication of diseases.

Miss Matie Reed was born in Reed hollow where she resided with her parents until she was united in marriage to John McGill. To them were born five children, three girls, namely, Mrs. Grace Carpenter and Misses Lulu and Rose, and two boys, Vincent and Lemuel.

The funeral services were held in St. Elizabeth's church, Smethport, at 10 o'clock Wednesday morning and her remains were laid at rest beside those of her husband in St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

Edison gold moulded phonograph records are the loudest and most durable. Prices reduced to 35c.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

Try the Acme Cushion shoe for ladies. The easiest shoe made, at Rubin's shoe store.

CLOSE OF SUCCESSFUL INSTITUTE.

The 38th Annual Meeting Closed at Noon Last Friday.

TEACHERS ADOPT RESOLUTIONS

The Institute Proved Very Beneficial and Helpful—The Instructors Were of the Best.

THURSDAY MORNING.

Dr. Davis of Alfred University led the devotional exercises, Miss Hinman assisting with the music.

Dr. Churchill discussed the "Hoosier Schoolmaster," drawing lessons from that famous old story. Don't let go; count your personal training and growth a large part of your reward; interest yourself in the people and so become interesting to them; adapt your work to the capacity of your pupils; use generalship, capture the strong ones and get them on your side; learn the value of kindness; remember that appreciation brings the richness of the character to the surface; do not forget that our greatest difficulties arise from misunderstandings.

Dr. Houck completed his conquest of the institute with his hearty words and his witty stories. He says that the teacher's attitude in the first minutes determines the day. If you get a scolding note read it as if it were an invitation to dinner. Keep sweet. Love for children is your best equipment. The school is the only happy place many children ever know.

Dr. Kenneman talked on temperament in education. The four chief types are the sanguine, the melancholy, the choleric and the placid. The speaker pointed out the physical characteristics of each and illustrated their mental make-up by showing what each would do under various conditions. The study was very entertaining and profitable.

Miss Margaret Flynn illustrated the Augsberg method of drawing. By her facility with the crayon, she demonstrated mastery of the work.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

Dr. Kenneman concluded his work on temperament in teaching. The summary, contrasting them in different circumstances, was a masterly method of impressing the salient points in each temperament. While these strong natural tendencies will dominate if left uncontrolled, yet it is within the power of will to change them by wisely directed, persistent effort.

Dr. Houck spoke of the rank of Pennsylvania among the states. $12,000,000 in the treasury and not a cent of debt. State expenses raised on corporations yet teachers are poorly paid in comparison with work of an equal rank. A good teacher is worth any price. Keep the good ones a hundred years at any salary. Not a dollar is misspent that goes for better education.

Miss Hinman's pupils repeated the drill given the evening before, to the manifest pleasure of the teachers. The work is an eloquent testimonial of her value as a teacher.

Dr. Churchill gave several excellent readings from our minor poets. Foss, Riley and Miller were made to do good service for the teachers.

THURSDAY EVENING.

The Manhattan Quartette, accompanied by a humorist, gave a very good entertainment, the music being an especially strong feature. Every one of the singers is an artist and the ensemble was notable in its harmonious blending of four voices, each one so marked in its individuality.

FRIDAY MORNING.

Dr. Ballentine of Clarion Normal read Paul's "Love Chapter" and led the institute in a petition to the Great Teacher.

Supt. Myers read a letter from the treasurer of the Thaddeus Stevens' Memorial Fund, appealing for assistance in the erection of a memorial to this great defender of popular education. The superintendent asked that McKean county respond liberally to this appeal.

Miss Flynn told for the good of the teachers how Augsberg drawing had helped her to success. She advised the omitting of Chapters 1, 2 and 3 until some work had been done, beginning with Chapter 4 in the Manual.

Dr. Kenneman gave some excellent advice to beginners. Visit the community. Look up records of last term. Learn something of the children. Plan your work. Have program on the board. Don't talk, get right to work. Show that you mean business.

Dr. Churchill told of his work in Lamarie county, a county of 7,000 square miles, a single district of which is half as large as Pennsylvania's largest county. In his inimitable way the speaker gave valuable teaching hints as he discussed his imaginary blunders in this little Western school. A high ideal unreached is better than a low aim attained.

The adjournment closed an institute of remarkable helpfulness and harmony. Drs. Churchill, Kenneman and Houck are of national greatness, and Mrs. Hunt has a record of work accomplished broader than the nation. Prof. Becht of Clarion proved himself an able leader of teachers and gives promise of bringing Clarion's splendid equipment back to its old-time efficiency. And so it might be said of all others,—there was no weak spot in the program.

Following are the resolutions adopted by the teachers:

Whereas, The teachers of McKean county are about to adjourn from a most profitable and enjoyable institute; and

Whereas, the people of Smethport have, by their kindness and consideration, to some extent contributed to the success of the institute and to the entertainment of the teachers; and

Whereas, our worthy superintendent has not only given us a successful institute, but by his faithful and efficient work has greatly improved the public school system in our county; therefore be it hereby

Resolved, That we extend our sincere thanks to the people of Smethport, to the pastors of the churches, to the instructors, Prof. A. J. Kenneman, Prof. F. D. Churchill, Mrs. Mary Hunt, Prof. Geo. Becht, Dr. Houck, Miss Lucile Hinman, Miss Margaret Flynn and Supt. J. E. Myers; and

Whereas, we, the teachers of the county, feel that we owe a debt of gratitude to the Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, who so nobly and earnestly championed the cause of the common schools of Pennsylvania; therefore be it

Resolved, That we express our hearty appreciation of his untiring efforts in behalf of the schools of Pennsylvania by contributing as largely as possible to the fund to be used in connection with his estate, willed for that purpose, in erecting an industrial school, which shall stand as a memorial of his great work; and

Resolved, That much consideration is due the firm of Fry & Comes for furnishing the decorations of the M. E. church parlors for Monday evening's reception; and

Resolved, That we thank the pastor and the trustees for the use of the parlors; and

Resolved, That we extend our thanks to all other persons who have in the day or evening sessions contributed to our welfare and enjoyment, namely, to Miss Elizabeth Walters, Miss Martha Brennan, Miss Ruth Voorhees and the pupils of the 7th and 8th grades of Smethport schools.

C. W. LILLIBRIDGE,
T. T. ALLEN,
D. L. DENNIS,
MARY MULLIN,
MARGARET LYNCH,
Committee.

Kane Kicks.

The Kane Republican registers the following kick in regard to the football game here last week:

"Smethport outweighed Kane by about 10 lbs. to the man. Among the players they had for the occasion were Flaherty, full back of the Bradford A. C., Redfield, the former editor of a magazine, Backus, an ex-college man, and several others weighing about 160 and 170 lbs. Not only this, but the referee and crowd also had to be counted in the line up of Smethport, for in three different instances the locals had the ball on Smethport's three-yard line only to have Smethport's quarter back hurdle the line and knock the ball from Kelley's hands, and the referee would not penalize them for off-side play."

Most of these claims are ridiculous so we take time to briefly answer them. Flaherty of Bradford did play with our team and Redfield was substituted for Flaherty after he was injured. Backus never was a college man and never weighed over 120 pounds, which gives a good idea of the Kane man's idea of weight, and after this estimate we do not wonder he considered the Smethport team the heavier. The Republican sporting editor also shows his very limited knowledge of football rules when he blames the referee for not penalizing off-side plays. Anyone who knows anything about the game knows that it is the duty of the umpire to penalize such offences and as the umpire was a Kane man the Smethport referee is not to blame if off-side plays were not duly penalized. The Republican's sporting editor only succeded in showing football fans that he does not know the game or how to write it up intelligently.

I will be at the Grand Central Hotel on Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 22 and 23 with a complete line of Winter Shirts and Suitings, also fine line of Ladies Waistings for the holidays.

A. J. Martin.

For Sale.

One yearling colt, two sucking colts and two cows. Inquire of F. E. Brockham, Farmers Valley, Pa.

Joy of the Household

The best broom ever offered for 25c at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Sillabil

By ROBERT C. V. MEYERS

Copyright, 1904, by Robert C. V. Meyers

THE good lame man told him how it would be.

In the ward Sillabil heard the good lame man called a "regular." Not that he knew what the term signified, but from the case of deportment of this bearer of it he took it to be synonymous with "boss," which he knew to mean somebody who was not to be displeased, for his mother had worked for a "boss."

"Hi!" says the good lame man. "When you're asleep tonight they're coming to the ward to get the Captain. Around his neck they'll put a string with a stone on it, and then they'll chuck him in the water—drown him, you know, drown him. I'm your only friend, I am, and I tell you if you want to save your dog you'd better get away. You'd better go now. And when you go out just take this silver piece which couldn't be yours, though

THE BOTTLE DISAPPEARED.

it may be like the one you lost, and go round the corner to the store where there are bottles and flies in the window and tell 'em one legged Tom sent you for his medicine. Then you tie the bottle to this string which I throw over the wall, and I'll haul in the medicine that cures my cough. Listen to my cough!" And a series of sepulchral, agonized sounds startled the air. "I'll give you a boost over the wall and the Captain too. Remember, they'll drown the Captain tonight!"

Drown the Captain! Sillabil felt queer. He was not alarmed, for to be alarmed you ought to have a thought, and Sillabil hardly ever thought, his latest thought having been a week ago when he had seen his mother in a long box which the women of the house told him was for her to sleep in and that if he cried he might wake her. Of course he wouldn't wake her, he said, for she must be tired or she wouldn't have fallen asleep over her sewing machine, though the thought of a week ago took the form of a question: "Why did his mother go to sleep in the long box?" Then the women of the house sent him out for a romp with the Captain. When he got back his mother was no longer there, and a man brought him to his present place of abode.

It was the good lame man who liked to kick him in order to see him jump who told him that his mother was sleeping under the daisies.

Sillabil would not ask where the daisies were, for that would be like saying that his mother had neglected to tell him, and his mother had never neglected him.

"You've got a nice name, too, Sillabil," said the good lame man. "It's only a part of a big word, and you're only a part of yourself. Something up here, eh?" And he tapped himself on the forehead. Sillabil was used to people tapping their foreheads when they spoke about him, and it looked so wise that he had got into the habit of doing it himself when he spoke of other people.

"You understand," persisted the good lame man, "they're going to drown the Captain. He can hardly see, can he?"

"Yes, he can," Sillabil cried, "only his eyes got hurt that time the house was afire and he wouldn't leave me till I was awake, and so he got burnt."

"Hurry, Sillabil," urged the good lame man, "for it's nearly dark, and they'll soon drown the Captain."

It was the work of a moment—up a tree, on to a wall, a drop outside, the captain scrambling after him, limping a little where he had fallen.

In a vast haste Sillabil found the shop around the corner.

"Medicine for one legged Tom," he said, placing on the counter the silver coin that looked so much like the one he had lost. And then, remembering his wise act, he tapped his forehead and nodded.

Of course they understood him, and he took a small bottle and tied it to the dangling string hanging over the wall across which he and the captain had come. The bottle disappeared.

"Here comes the man after the Captain!" a voice said, and Sillabil and the Captain struck out. How they did run! There was a new freedom about it; no one to frown at you, as had been the case for a week, no one to push and jostle you. But where to go, where to find the daisies! The good lame man had said that daisies grew in country ways. Sillabil had never seen country ways; a room high up in a house constituting his world. With the Captain it was different. While the Captain never said anything about it, yet he had once looked after sheep.

It was quite dark now, and the houses were not so close together. Then the Captain suddenly let it be known that supper would not be undesirable. Sillabil looked about him. Here was a brightly lighted house. People were going in and coming out. Sillabil went in too. There was a table spread with all sorts of good things. A pleasant being stood beside it smiling till the gold filling in one of his teeth reminded Sillabil of the star outside.

"Help yourselves, gentlemen," said the pleasant being.

Of course Sillabil helped himself, and his host was so polite as to feed the Captain with delicate morsels.

"A delegate, of course?" he whispered to Sillabil. "You seem to be cooler headed than most of the others. I hope your ward is going all right."

Sillabil had had sufficient experience with his wise manner to see that it usually succeeded, so he now tapped himself on the forehead. At that his host laughed and slipped a roll of bills in his hand.

"For your ward or yourself," he said.

Sillabil wondered, and it made him suspicious, so he moved toward the door. Here a gentleman accosted him.

"What did he give you for the ward?" this gentleman asked. Of course Sillabil knew what a ward was, for the good lame man had told him that they were coming to the ward to get the Captain and drown him. So he showed the gentleman the roll of bills and tapped himself on the forehead.

"Of course he is," the gentleman said, "for he'll never get it."

Sillabil edged his way out into the night. And there was the star. He followed the glinting light. All at once it disappeared. He stood there lost. He was in the dark, no houses near, only trees. He had never before been alone in the dark. His mother had taken care of that.

"Captain!"

The Captain rubbed up against him. Sillabil peered about him. Then he saw the star and made for it. The Captain growled. This had ever been a note of warning, so Sillabil went more carefully. Then he discovered that what he had taken for a star was only a small light down upon the ground.

"Who is there?" a sharp voice cried.

It was a woman's voice.

The light was a feeble fire made of a few sticks. A woman was warming her hands over it.

"I am looking for my mother," Sillabil said. "She is where the daisies are."

The woman looked at him. Then she laughed shrilly.

"Poor fool!" she said. "There is only one mother in the black world. Don't you know it is raining and cold? Come nearer and warm yourself. Here is your mother"—and she tapped the ground—"Mother Earth."

"No!" laughed Sillabil.

"Then here," said the woman and indicated some tall walls, part of which were crumbling down. "This is Mother Church. Unfortunately she is crumbling away. She was not fine enough for her children, so they deserted her for a new palace. Come in. No one will drive us out of the church now. This is a place where people used to pray for what never came to pass. Did you ever pray?"

For answer Sillabil got down on his knees.

"Lord," he said, as his mother had taught him, "protect us poor, clouded wanderers in the night and lead us to thee at last, where the rough places shall be made smooth!"

The woman rubbed her hands together over the flaming wood.

"You are tired," she said. "You are worn out."

She took off her shawl and spread it upon the ground.

"I don't need it," she said. "Try to sleep."

The light of the fire showed Sillabil a figure carved in the wall. It was the figure of a man on a cross. On the cross, on the man's outstretched arms, on his thorn crowned head, a multitude of sparrows were huddled.

"He was the friend of the sparrows," the woman said. "He was despised and rejected. He wrote with his finger in the dust. 'Let him that is without sin cast the first stone,' he said. He was poor and homeless, as poor and homeless as you and I."

"Poor!" cried Sillabil. "I am not poor." He opened his hand and disclosed the roll of notes that had been given him in the house of feasting.

With an exclamation the woman grasped the money from him.

Sillabil laughed and tapped himself on the head. Then, to show the woman that he always remembered what was said to him, he repeated: "He was despised and rejected. He wrote with his finger in the dust. 'Let him that is without sin cast the first stone,' he said." The woman threw the money from her. "And under his deserted cross I have found the only refuge offered me this night," she said. "No, no, doggie," for the Captain was showing his teeth, "we three poor people should not quarrel. You two rest. I will watch, I and the sparrows. And—my mother!"

She took Sillabil's hand in hers just as his mother used to do when he was restless, and he fell asleep.

When he awoke the sun was shining, the woman was gone, the fire was out, the sparrows were elsewhere.

But the woman had left him the shawl on which he had slept, and on the corner of it was pinned the money that had been given him for his ward.

He rose and stretched himself, and the Captain tugged at him to be gone.

Such a bright morning! He looked up to the rosy sky. "Captain!"

But the Captain had darted off to an open plain where a number of silly sheep were eluding their caretaker and escaping by several ways. The Captain rounded on them. Closer and closer he got the trembling creatures to one another, his old instinct waking in him, and they were massed together.

The keeper of the flock hailed Sillabil.

"That's a fine sheep dog, brother," he said. "What will you take for him?"

"Something for him to eat. He is hungry," answered Sillabil.

The man looked at him, then, opening a bundle slung on his arm, fed the Captain from its contents.

"I never saw such a flock," went on the man, "But now, thanks to your dog, they're among the daisies, and clover's in sight."

"Among the daisies!" Sillabil looked and saw a white field of flowers whose hearts were of gold. And the good lame man had said his mother slept among the daisies! The fallacy of it appealed to him.

Then something snapped in his head. A sudden terror possessed him. He had often seen such long boxes as that in which his mother had lain, and they had been borne along the streets in black wagons. He had sometimes followed after them and had seen them enter a place where there were trees and flowers and white upright marbles. His mother had once explained to him that this was the place where tired folks rested who had seldom rested before, though people who did not know called them dead.

"My mother is dead!"

Away, away he ran across fields, along roads, flying from what he knew not. All at once he found himself obstructed by a wall, and a plaintive wail smote his ear. The Captain had come with him. The Captain was almost exhausted. Sillabil stopped and held the shaggy head up to him.

"Mother is dead, Captain!"

He got down in the dust and held the dog to his heart.

"Mother is dead, Captain!"

The dog licked his face and looked into his eyes.

He got to his feet, something clearing away that had seemed to hide a good deal.

Work! His mother had worked! He was strong; he could work. He must work! The city was the place where everybody worked. He could find work there. He went past all the places he had seen yesterday—the ruined church, the house of feasting, the church where there had been a wedding—and he was in the city again, nearer and nearer coming to him a clearing up of something that had been a dim puzzle ever since he had had the fever.

Hour after hour they walked the streets, knowing that they must wait for morning. The city became hushed and quiet. Few wayfarers passed them.

"Where shall we go?"

The Captain gave a bark full of friendly advice.

Then Sillabil remembered the place where they had taken him after his mother had died. He came upon it at midnight. He might find work there. He no longer feared that the Captain would be taken from him. A new feeling of assurance and responsibility had come to him. He stood and looked up at the huge building where he might get find work and earn money enough to support himself and the Captain. Money! There was that money lying far away pinned to the shawl in the dismantled church where the woman had made a fire.

"Fire!"

Did he hear the word? Look! There was a bright red coming from a tall window in the building.

"Fire, fire!" He heard it now. So did the Captain, for his back bristled.

"Captain, that is our ward!"

The good lame man was in there, the man who had stolen from him, who had deceived him, and the man was there who had wanted to drown the Captain!

There was a crowd around the building waiting for the engines.

"One legged Tom did it; he was smoking his pipe, against the rules."

Sillabil and the Captain darted into the hall, black with smoke that bit their eyes, bright with tongues of flame that cruelly licked their flesh.

Sillabil knew his old ward. He made for it. But the fire had not been discovered till the stairs were almost destroyed and only a narrow ledge remained. Up this ledge sped Sillabil.

"Captain!"

The Captain was at his heels, and so into the smoke and flame of the ward. The good lame man was at the window, four stories above the ground, ready to jump out. How it was done will never be told, but Sillabil and the Captain forced the lame man through the red roar and the blackness out to the narrow ledge of stairs and down into the outer air, where the engines were now sending out huge streams of water and ladders were going up to rescue the inmates prisoned in their rooms.

Sillabil found himself prone upon the ground, the Captain with a ruefully scorched coat lying across him, his black muzzle close to his master's cheek.

"Why," said a voice, "it is, William Bill!"

"Sillabil!" said a second voice, that of lame Tom; the good lame man. "He saved me! Poor fool!"

Poor? So, indeed, lying there Sillabil was rich. Past the darkness, the pain,

INTO THE SMOKE AND FLAME.

he saw far up in the blue of the sky a field of waving daisies which might have been the many stars swimming in his tired eyes. And in that field was a man with crowds of sparrows fluttering round him, which might have been the cinders from the burning building. And the woman who had spread her shawl on the ground in the ruined church knelt at the man's feet. And, more than all, there was Sillabil's mother smiling as she leaned forward beckoning him to her.

"And the Captain, too," said Sillabil—"the Captain too!"

The man who cared for the sparrows held out a welcoming hand, and the Captain, maybe understanding—who can say?—laid his head down on Sillabil's breast in comfort and security.

"Wake!" said a voice that sounded a good way off to Sillabil, a voice like the good lame man's. "Wake!"

But nearer voices told him that the old numbness left by the fever was gone forever.

Sillabil remembered his old wise manner and managed to get his hand to his forehead, for was he not already awake?

"The Captain too! The Captain! Cap"—

They covered him and the Captain with a sheet.

Ministers' Babies.

Mrs. Brown said 't if they was to go on a vacation trip now was a very good time, 'cause the baby was a year old, 'n' I said I d'd agree with her there, 'cause if we waited till next summer the baby might be only a month old or maybe only a week old, for I must say 't so far 's my observation 's extended there never is no countin' on how old a minister's baby 's goin' to be 't any given time.—"Susan Clegg and Her Friend, Mrs. Lathrop," by Anne Warner.

All the Same.

The horny handed man calls it "pay," the skilled mechanic "wages," the clerk "salary," the banker "income," a landowner "rent roll," a lawyer "fees," a burglar "swag," but it all comes to the same at the end of the week.

He Got the Holder.

He had lent her his stylographic pen to direct an envelope.

She—Oh, it writes beautifully! I declare, I'm in love with this pen!

He—I'm in love with the holder. She saw the point.

THE SECRET POLICE.

IN A LARGE MEASURE THEY ARE THE RULERS OF FRANCE.

Governments Come and Go, but Always the "Brigade des Recherches" Remains—The Way a Watch Is Kept Upon Strangers in Paris.

Skilled in all languages, able to enter any society, the agents of the brigade des recherches (the secret police of the French government) have their fingers on the pulse of public life and know the men of high place as well as if they had gone through with lighted candles. In a large measure it is through them that France is governed.

It is a mistake, though not an unnatural one, to assume that because France is a republic the people have much to say in matters of government. The word of the people is of little weight. The republic is parliamentary. It is intrenched behind privileges and buttressed by an irremovable senate, which selects the presidents. In later years it has become largely a government of financiers. It has abrogated the right of trial by jury and denied to the people the right of plebiscital suffrage.

The French republic is ruled from the top down. The prefect of police is the agent of this oligarchy, as he was in the time of Louis XVI. The secret police is its obedient servant. Presidents come and go, Liberal ministries are succeeded by Radical ministries, and Socialists follow the Radicals, but always the secret police remains, and always the oligarchy governs. The very man who is chief of state may be ranked among the enemies, at least the adversaries, of this occult ruling power.

About the words "the secret police" there is a pretty air of mystery. They summon up pictures of cloaked figures, of men waiting in dark alleyways and of stealthy steps behind the curtains of corridors. They are woven into nine-tenths of popular French fiction. The woman concierge, sunning herself in what Parisian doorway you please, feeds her imagination on tales of multiple disguises. For her the agent de la surete who comes to inquire about her lodgers is dark with mystery. He is "of the secret police."

As a matter of fact this branch of the police, though dressed in plain clothes, is not at all occult. It has to do with plain and simple crimes. Most of the agents of the surete are old soldiers, honorable men. They are supplemented, however, by a band of quasi police, known as indicateurs. These people, who are permanent auxiliaries of the service, are recruited among the street fakirs and masterless rogues who foregather in Paris.

But behind these humdrum agents and these gloomy outcasts, their aids, there is a mighty and mysterious "secret police" about which not one Parisian in a hundred has definite knowledge. The real secret police—today, as under the empire—is that which is known as the brigade des recherches—that is, the brigade of investigation. The members of this force are recruited in a far higher rank of society than the fellows of the surete. Indeed there is no gloss, from the old nobility to the new feudality of finance, which does not contribute to this occult system of espionage.

It is not my purpose here to describe in detail the many ramifications of this ancient and potent order of spies. A foreigner in France if he associates frequently with people of importance comes in time to know them well. They follow him in his comings and goings, report upon his acts and opinions and sift his life with a care unknown in our careless republic.

One of these, who was sent out on my trail, I came to know very well. What I was suspected of I know not, though during the troublous days of the Dreyfus case I fraternized with many men, one of whom, the Comte du Temple, was exceedingly, was an aggressive royalist. Anyway, my spy and I came to know each other very well. He played a good game of billiards and was a companionable gentleman.

A little later Dr. W. J. O'Sullivan, then assistant corporation counsel of New York, visited me in Paris. He was greatly interested in the secret police. I could hardly persuade him that from the moment we met and shook hands in the Gare du Nord until his departure from the Gare St. Lazare, every act of his had been noted. I got the evidence from my friend (my own pet spy) in the brigade des recherches. The doctor's record was singularly complete. He had not spoken with a man, he had not chatted with a woman, he had not dined, lost or breakfasted in my garden, he had not dropped a pair of yellow gloves unseen by some ubiquitous spy. "A shrewd gentleman, when he learned how close had been the watch upon him, shuddered as if he had walked in peril and went back to New York wondering. So close are the meshes of this police net that not even a casual visitor slips through.—Vance Thompson in Success.

Natural Growth of Hair.

Hair, including bristles, wool and fur, is a modification of the epidermis, or scarf skin which, envelops the true skin, and consists of flattened cells in layers, and the hairs, like the epidermis, maintain a vital connection with the body. An ordinary hair has a shaft which projects beyond the surface and a bulbous follicle in which it is rooted. It grows out from the bottom of this follicle, and the cells of the deepest stratum gradually enlarge as they mount in the soft bulb, where pigment cells are developed. The shaft of a hair is much narrower than its bulb and is produced by the rather abrupt condensation and elongation into hard fibers of its cells. The outermost layer of cells, which overlap one another, forms what is called the cortex or bark.

Sweet Affection.

"Dear me," said the proud mother, "what nice affection! You seem so anxious to kiss your li[illegible]."

"Yes'm," replied Tot[illegible]ing his lips. "He has jam o[illegible]s."—Pittsburg Press.

Dress well. Select a tailor who can afford it.—Town Topics.

FOND OF A GOOD HORSE.

Thomas Jefferson Was Particular in Selecting His Steeds.

I am compleatly satisfied with my horse from Major Eggleston, a better one in harness I never drove. he brought me in my single phaeton from Washington, without ever appearing fatigued, altho the roads were bad, & the weather rainy. he is fine tempered and manageable, tho' high spirited. tho' the price was about 50 D too much from appearances, yet I would give that advance in the purchase of a horse to know that he was what I wished. Castor, & Fitzpartner are both left here at nurse, and I shall have them sold. consequently my stable will be reduced to Diomede & St. Louis. a match for Diomede, as good as he is, would make it up what will suffice for me as a private citizen. I will thank you to be on the enquiry, for such an one, and to give me notice of price & properties. but it will be essential that he match Diomede tolerably, and be well broke to the carriage & no baulker. I trouble you with these commissions because you are in the only part of the country where a fine horse can be got. I leave this for Washington the day after to-morrow. present me with all possible affection to the family, and be assured of my constant attachment & respect. TH. JEFFERSON.

—Family Letters of Thomas Jefferson in Scribner's.

CLIMBING PLANTS.

The Five Different Classes, With Their Peculiarities.

Climbing plants may be divided into five classes—hook climbers, root climbers, twiners, leaf climbers, and tendril bearers.

Hook climbers are equipped with hooks, which are caught up in the surrounding vegetation.

Root climbers, like ivy, throw out fibers along their stems and ascend slowly, insinuating themselves by means of rootlets, which grow away from the light and become glued to the stems of trees or to harder surfaces.

Twiners, like the scarlet runner, hop, convolvulus and bryony, twine themselves around the upright stems of their neighbors. Some, like the convolvulus, bend toward the left; others, like the hop, twine to the right.

The climbing habit, however, is most perfectly exhibited by plants with sensitive prehensile organs, either leaves or tendrils.

In the tendril bearers we find here and there along the stem sensitive, twining, whiplike structures, which curve to what they touch and eventually link themselves round it. Of this sort are the passion flower, sweet pea, grapevine and Virginia creeper.—Pearson's.

THE ROUND ROBIN.

Its Origin, It Is Said, Can Be Traced Back to Ancient Greece.

According to British naval documents of the years 1628 and 1659, it was the custom of seamen of that day to use the round robin as a safe and effective means of bringing their grievances before the authorities. A similar practice existed in France, but the alleged origin of the term "round robin" from rond ruban, a circular band used in the French petitions, is probably fallacious.

The term existed in England long before, with wholly different meaning. Thus in Devonshire a "round robin" was a small round pancake, and the sacramental wafer was called a "round robin" by Latimer, 1530.

Dr. Timbs says that the idea of the round robin has been traced back to a Greek conspiracy against the tyranny of the Pisistratidae. The Romans had a similar custom of writing the names of their guests or friends in a circle when anxious not to indicate any individual preferences.—London Standard.

Overconfidence.

The two strangers who were standing at a downtown corner crossed the street and accosted a young man on the opposite corner.

"Will you please tell me," said one of them, "which is the best way to go from here to Seventy-second street?"

"Well," replied the young man, "the best way, of course, is to take an automobile. If you can't do that I suggest a street car as the next best."

"Thank you," said the stranger. "I was so certain from your appearance that you would give a civil answer to a civil question that I bet a two dollar bill on that proposition with my friend here. I see I have lost. One can't always judge from appearances. Good morning, sir."—Chicago Tribune.

She Was Joking.

"No," she said, "I—I can only be a sister to you."

"Very well," said he. "I must be going. I had expected a different answer, but—well, good night."

"George," she faltered, as he was leaving the room, "George."

"What is it?" he asked crossly.

"Aren't you going to kiss your sister good night?" He did not go.

Dreadful.

The Groom—What are you thinking of, dearest? The Bride—I was thinking if your father and mother had never met or mine had never met or we had never been born or hadn't loved each other or—or something, how dreadful everything would have been.

The Ridiculous Part.

"Do you see anything ridiculous in my wig?" said a judge to the famous Irish barrister, John Curran.

"Nothing but the head," flew back the retort.

What an inferior man seeks is in others. What a superior man seeks is in himself.—Bulwer Lytton.

Absolutely Harmless. Cures on the Spot.

BROMO-PEPSIN

"NOTE THE WORD PEPSIN."

CURES Headache, Sleeplessness, Indigestion and Nervousness.

All Druggists, 10c, 25c and 50c.

CONSTIPATION CURED.

Constipation leads to worse. Often it is the cause of appendicitis. Always it leads to dangerous chronic disease. It should not be neglected, nor should it be temporarily relieved with drastic purgatives.

Mr. C. S. Osterhoudt, of Barrytown, N. Y., was distressed with indigestion, chronic constipation and kidney trouble for four years. He tried many medicines without relief. He heard of Cal-cura Solvent, Dr. Kennedy's *new* medicine, used it and began to improve rapidly. All of his old complaints have disappeared and he owes everything to Cal-cura Solvent. $1.00, all druggists; 6 bottles for $5.00.

L. K. HOGARTH

has a full line of fresh, new

Druggists' Supplies

Anything you want in patent medicines, drugs, rubber goods, fine soaps, perfumery, toilet articles, stationery, brushes, combs, chamois and sponges. Also the best cut glass and hand painted china. Twenty years' practical experience in compounding prescriptions is the guarantee of our accuracy. Prices satisfactory.

L. K. Hogarth,

Established 1865.

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL - - - $200,000.00

SURPLUS - - - $45,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited.

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.

ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.

RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.

GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh, Salt or Smoked MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

Spring and Summer Styles

in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.

PATTERN HATS and DOMESTICS

In fact everything to please the ladies is shown. Give us a call.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's,

REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

UNDERTAKING

AND

EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR

SPECHT & SASSE

SMETHPORT, PA.

PATENTS

PROCURED AND DEFENDED. Send model, drawing or photo. for expert search and free report. Free advice, how to obtain patents, trade marks, copyrights, etc., IN ALL COUNTRIES. *Business direct with Washington saves time, money and often the patent.* Patent and Infringement Practice Exclusively. Write or come to us at 625 Ninth Street, opp. United States Patent Office, WASHINGTON, D. C.

CA·SNOW & Co.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

THE BIG STORE

Has a new and up-to-date line of

GAS HEATERS

of all the leading makes and the prices are right, too.

Also a full line of General Hardware, Stoves and Ranges, Guns and Ammunition, Fruit Jars, Glasses, Butter Crocks, etc.

JOHN C. HAMLIN

BAD BLOOD

Reveals itself in many ways. Sometimes the impurities in the blood mark and mar the skin with blotches, pimples, boils or other eruptions. Sometimes the result of bad blood is rheumatism or a debilitated condition which is popularly described as "feeling played out, hardly able to drag myself around."

The impurities and poisons which corrupt the blood, clog the liver and cloud the skin are removed by the use of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It does more than eliminate the poisons; it increases the activity of the blood-making glands so that there is an increased supply of pure, body-building blood. It brightens the eyes, cleanses the skin, and gives new, physical energy.

Accept no substitute for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

"I thank God for the good your medicines have done me," writes Mr. James M. Sizemore, of Mitchell, Lawrence Co., Ind., Box 91—"I was not well for two years. My throat was always sore, head ached, and back ached nearly all the time. My weight was 155 pounds. I was taken sick with typhoid fever, and when the fever left me I had such a pain in my left side I could not breathe without pain. I thought I must die. My wife went to the drug store and procured a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and a vial of his 'Pleasant Pellets.' I discontinued the use of my doctor's medicine and began with the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets.' I at once began to feel better; the pain soon left my side and I could breathe with ease. In a week or so I felt so good I could not stay in the room. I began to walk about the streets; I felt better each morning. After a month's use of the medicine I was well. That was over a year ago. Now I weigh 181 pounds and feel better than ever in my life."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation.

BARGAINS.

Black Cat Stockings for Boys and Girls are good values at 15 and 25c per pair.

Malta Vita at 10c a package is a bargain.

F. S. Flour contains 49 lbs. of satisfaction, together with the finest produced. Try it.

Chase & Sanborn's coffee from 13c lb. to 35c are standard values.

Can corn is high and scarce We have some best brands of York State pack at 12½ can.

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

Fall and Winter Shoes. . . . .

Our stock of Shoes for the Fall and Winter is complete and we are showing a large stock of the best makes.

When in need of footwear of any description gives us a call.

Shoes for Men
Shoes for Women
Shoes for Children
Shoes for Everybody

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

ACME MILL,

GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

E. W. JONES,

(Successor to F. P. Monroe.

LIVERY & FEED STABLE
Bennett House Barn

First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House

SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 17, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Read the new advertisement of Redfield's Hardware this week.

—Don't forget the Hose Co.'s benefit at the Lyceum Friday night.

—The Lindholm Company has a seasonable advertisement this week.

—The dance given by the Lyceum Orchestra last Thursday evening was a decided success.

—Blankets and robes are the articles advertised by Holmes & Gilfillan this week. They have a large line of these goods.

—Mt. Jewett has a curfew law now. It went into effect Monday evening. The tannery whistle blows the children off the street at 8 o'clock.

—The Port Allegany Reporter says that turkeys will be plenty and cheap this year. We all sincerely hope this is true but, alas, we fear it is the same old story.

—Rev. H. M. Clarke, a former rector of St. Matthews Episcopal church, Eldred, has been appointed assistant in the American church at Nice, France. He will act until next May.

—Jessie Boyle moved his family to Kane Monday, where he recently accepted a position on the Daily Republican, after nine years in the employ of the Herald.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—Frank P. Slocum is a likely candidate for mayor of Bradford. Should Mr. Slocum consent to become a candidate he would undoubtedly be an easy winner for he is just as popular in Bradford as he is in Smethport.

—Lon Dillon trotted a mile at the driving park at Memphis last Friday afternoon in 2:01, breaking the world's unpaced trotting record. The mare was unaccompanied by a runner at the side. The time by quarters was 30, 59¾, 1:30, 2:01. The former unpaced mile trotting record was 2:01½, held jointly by Lou Dillon and Major Delmar.

—The American Window Glass Company has accepted the offer of a number of gentlemen for factory No. 6, located at Hazelhurst, and the prospects are that the deal will be closed, and the plant placed in commission at an early date. This is exceptionally good news for the people of the valley, and we sincerely hope that nothing may arise to interfere with the deal.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

Desert Water Trails.

Countless men and women have perished in the deserts of the southwest for lack of rain. Yet had they known how to find it the water was there often so close that a shallow well would have brought it, says the author of "The Land of Little Rain." There were numberless living things all about them, night traveling creatures, whose well worn trails would have led them to it. The trails begin far back in the scattering sands and hills and converge in a one span broad, white, hard trodden way in the gully of the spring, and while trails if there are no travelers in that direction?

The land is scarred by these thin, fan roadways of rabbits and what not of furry folk that run in them. Venture to look for some seldom touched water hole, and so long as the trails run with your general direction you can be sure you are right. But if they begin to cross your path at never so slight an angle to converge toward a point to the left or right of your objective, no matter what the map says or your memory tells you, trust the trails. Their makers know.

Filth in Tibet.

Tibet is not a country where cleanliness and godliness go hand in hand. Neither the men nor the women take any care of their persons. They wear their clothes very long without changing, brushing or shaking them, keep them on even at night, use them as dusters and towels and take them off only when they drop off of themselves. They never wash their bodies and only in quite exceptional cases wash their faces and hands.

Her Playing.

"Well, well!" exclaimed the old man. "Maudy's learnin' to play real good. Now, there's some sense in that there piece she's playin'."

"That ain't Maudy," replied his wife. "It's the man tuning the piano."—Philadelphia Press.

Taking Her at Her Word.

Jones—How's this, old man? I thought you and your wife were going abroad on a pleasure trip, and you're taking your mother-in-law along. Smith—Well, she's always saying, "See Paris and die," so I thought I'd let her see Paris.

A Stowaway.

On an ocean greyhound. "Great Scott, what a lot of food that man eats!"

"He must be what they call a stowaway."

Sprte of all de bright sunshine in dis worf, some mens will go round huntin' for happiness wid a candle.—Atlanta Constitution.

Her First Stage Speech.

It was at the mature age of three that Mrs. Kendal—then Madge Robertson—made her first appearance on the stage. The theater was the Marylebone, in London, then under the management of her father, and the play was "The Seven Poor Travelers." Her part was that of a blind child, and at the rehearsals it had been impressed upon her that she must keep her eyes shut in order that the audience should think she could not see. "Under the circumstances," says a writer, "it need hardly be said that the first thing she did on going on the stage was to open her eyes as widely as she could. Sitting in the front row of the pit, which then corresponded to the boxes, Baby Madge saw a favorite servant who had been allowed to go to the theater in order to witness her debut. For the part the child had been provided with new shoes. Proud of their possession and with supreme disregard for the eternal fitness of things, the little girl stalked down to the footlights and, addressing the servant, said, 'Sarah, look at my new shoes!'"

A Friend of Washington.

While many persons have known Lincoln and Grant and a few were acquainted with Washington and Lincoln, so far as I am aware but one person was ever born into this world who knew the triumvirate of uncrowned American kings. That individual was Horace Binney, leader of the Philadelphia bar and among the foremost leaders of the profession throughout the land, with whom I spent a memorable hour in the year 1874. During that delightful interview he stated that when a youth his home was near President Washington's Philadelphia residence, that he had met him almost daily for several years and that he frequently held conversations with the general. Mr. Binney also mentioned the interesting fact that he had been acquainted with every president of the United States up to the time of Grant, during whose second administration he passed away at the great age of ninety-five.—General James Grant Wilson in Cornhill Magazine.

Maddening Silence.

In the rainless interior of Australia there is very little animal or bird life, and what birds there are are voiceless. This absence of singing birds renders the bush almost as silent as the grave. This deathlike silence has a peculiar depressing effect. If two men are camped in the bush and one of them goes to a distant township to get provisions while the other remains behind to look after the camp, the man who is to remain says to his mate, "Don't you be long away; you know what kind of a place this is to live in by yourself." If his mate is away for two or three days the silence gets upon the man's nerves, and in the end he shouts in order to make a noise, and then he is afraid of the sound of his own voice.

The First Printer.

In the language of the high school graduate, "history says" that Johann Gansfleisch of the Gutenberg family was the first to use movable type and on that account should be set down as the "father of printing," but the investigators (not the historians) tell us that the same system was practiced by Lawrence Costar, a Hollander, a long sixteen years previous to Gutenberg's so called discovery, in the year 1422. Nor is this all. We find proof in the sands of the Egyptian and Asian deserts in the shape of stamped brick (some from the identical tower of Babel) that the principles upon which the art ultimately developed existed hundreds of years before the birth of Christ.

A Good Reputation.

A good reputation is a good investment, but the only way of securing a permanent investment of good reputation is by putting a good character at interest. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," but it is often easier to get a character that shall be the basis of a good name. A man may inherit his father's riches, but a man cannot bequeath his character to his favorite son.

A Quaint Epitaph.

A good tombstone inscription to add to your collection is given in a recent book. It is said to be of seventeenth century date and runs as follows:

Here lies the body of Thomas Woodhen,
The Kindest of Husbands, the best of men.

And directly under the inscription the explanation, "His name was Woodcock, but that would not come in the rhyme."

"A Soft Answer," Etc.

Mrs. Busybody—Goodby, dear Mrs. Winsom. Before I go I think it is my duty to tell you that your husband was seen in a very questionable place of entertainment last night. Mrs. Winsom—Really! Sorry to hear that! I suppose that is where they went when your husband called for him.

A Moot Point.

"The Mothers' club is to discuss an important question tomorrow afternoon."

"What is that?"

"Is one justified in promising the moon to a baby who cries for it?"—Brooklyn Life.

Getting Serious.

You look hopeful. What's going on?"

"The doctors have begun to issue bulletins concerning the condition of that rich uncle of mine who has been hanging on for so long.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Contrasted With Men.

One advantage about a pet dog is that he never smiles sardonically when a girl hits her thumb instead of the tack when she's hanging a picture.—Baltimore American.

Duff's College

Gives a Rapid, Thorough Education.—Rewarding young men and women to meet the demand of this prosperous commercial age.—For catalogue address P. DUFF & SONS, 341 St. & Liberty, Pittsburg, Pa.

Last Sunday on That Ship.

"As a lad almost," said an old sea captain, "I became second mate of a Nova Scotia sailing vessel bound from Liverpool to the provinces. It was on a Saturday that we left port, and the following morning the tug which had placed us to windward off Holyhead left us.

"We were making ready for the trip across the north Atlantic, but our minds were diverted from work by seeing the skipper place a blackboard upon the break of the poop upon which was written 'Sunday.' The skipper, a thorough type of the seaman, called all hands aft. He said: 'I want you to know what is on that board. For you fellows who can't read I will spell it.' Then deliberately he said: 'S-u-n-d-a-y! You understand it, don't you?' Then he gave the word to throw the board into the sea. Over it went, and as it took the waves he said, 'You all know that was Sunday, don't you?' 'Yes,' answered the men. 'Well,' he continued, 'that will be the last Sunday you will see on this ship.' And it was."—Baltimore Sun.

Shoe Shops in Japan.

Like all other shops in Japan, a shoe shop opens a broad side to the street.

It seems a misnomer to call it shoe shop, a place where you can only buy sandals of clogs, things we are not accustomed to call shoes. They are footgear, anyway.

There is a low platform in front, upon which the customer sits and drinks tea while making his or her purchases, the shopkeeper meanwhile squatting on his heels and discussing the news of the day.

The sandals worn by the rickshaw coolies are called waraji. They are woven of rice straw and are sold for half a cent a pair. They are made in the country villages, and the foreigner watches the weaving with amused interest.

The prehensile big toe of a Japanese is of great assistance as it is used for catching and holding the straws, leaving the hands free to weave.

People Who Live in Nests.

Travelers who have returned from the heart of Africa and the Australasian continent tell wonderful stories of nest building people who inhabit the wilds of those countries. In the bushmen of Australia we find perhaps the lowest order of men that are known. They are so primitive that they do not know enough to build even the simplest form of hut for shelter. The nearest they can approach to it is to gather a lot of twigs and grass and, taking them into a thicket or jungle, build a nest for a home. The nest is usually built large enough for the family, and if the latter be very numerous then the nests are of a very large size. Sometimes the foliage above will form a natural covering, but there is never any attempt at constructing a protection from the rain and storms.

Value of Routine Work.

Routine is a blessed thing when something happens to reduce the moral driving power which keeps us going, the courage, purpose and good cheer that give life present joy as well as meaning. It is good in moments of depression or weariness that there is a path marked out ahead each day which men follow because it is there; that there is time which custom has set for them to get up, to eat, to work, to rest, to read, go to bed again. They move along the grooves of habit and get all the benefit of their inheritance and their experience. The general may quit the field for a time if he chooses; the army has its marching plan and knows what is expected of it.—New York Mail.

A Natural Inference.

They were discussing the couple in the next flat. The husband is silent and reserved, while the wife is a gossip and the most inveterate borrower. Food of all kinds, articles of clothing, money and everything that is capable of being borrowed she endeavors to get from the neighbors on one pretense or another. Some surprise was expressed that her husband should have chosen her as a partner for life when a little girl who was listening created considerable amusement by exclaiming:

"Perhaps she borrowed him too."—New York Press.

The Self Made Business.

"Yes," said the egotistical person, "I am proud of the fact that I am a self made man; but, strange to say, I never have yet encountered a self made woman."

"Oh, that's easily explained," rejoined the auburn haired lady. "One glance at a self made man is enough to disgust a woman with the self made business."

Assured of It.

Dentist (who has pulled the wrong tooth)—I see how I made the mistake. I counted the molars from the back instead of the front. You don't seem to have cut your wisdom teeth yet, young man. Groaning Patient—That's evident from the choice I made of a dentist!—Chicago Tribune.

Johnny Was Good.

"I'm afraid, Johnny," said the Sunday school teacher, rather sadly, "that I shall never meet you in the better land."

"Why? What have you been doin' now?"—Pick Me Up.

Seized the Opportunity.

"You must mark down your age in this blank space," said the insurance agent to the beautiful woman.

And she did. She marked it down from twenty-eight to twenty-two.—Cleveland Leader.

When a bride is being given away it is hard for her to look self possessed.—Philadelphia Record.

NELSON & BEARIKLE

The New Livery and Sales Stable.

Connected with St. Elmo Hotel, Fraley St., Kane, Pa.

First-class accommodations for the care of horses and vehicles.

Satisfactory service guaranteed.

"Tips" in the Land of Tips.

Hundreds of men who are fond of sport are compelled, says the London Mail, to refuse tempting invitations to country houses because of the "tipping terror" which is in them.

Here is the little "bill" which confronts the English country house visitor:

The coachman or chauffeur	£0	10
The butler who smiles at him	1	0
The man who valets him	1	0
The head keeper who "places" him	1	0
The under keeper who looks at him	0	10
Total ($20)	£4	0

The above items are based on a three or four days' shoot. For a fortnight's stay the figures would be nearly trebled.

In one large house a collection box is placed in the room of each guest. Into this box the guest places a general offering to indoor servants.

The hostess holds the keys of the boxes, and these are opened at the end of the season, when the contents are divided equally among servants.

How Balzac Worked.

In twelve years Balzac wrote seventy-nine novels besides an abundance of tales and newspaper articles. When in full swing he led the life of a recluse, refusing to see even his most intimate friends. He usually went to bed at 8 o'clock, after a light dinner, and got up at 2 in the morning to resume writing. At 6 he took his tub, lying in the water one hour, after which he drank a cup of coffee. Werdet, his editor, was then admitted to bring proofs, take away corrected ones and wrest, if possible, fresh manuscript from him. From 9 he wrote till noon, when he breakfasted on two boiled eggs and some bread. From 1 to 6 he continued his writing. For six weeks or so he would keep this up; then he would mysteriously disappear for months.

Our Original Troy Pound.

In 1828, when Adams was president of the United States, congress authorized or appointed a commission "to bring to this country a troy pound adjusted to the British standard." When the commission returned the president received the package and broke the seal in the presence of the distinguished men of America. This original weight standard is now in the mint at Philadelphia and is not regarded as being of ideal accuracy by any means. It is made of a very poor quality of brass, is rough in texture and hollow. According to a law now in force, each state is entitled to a copy or duplicate of this standard.

Pure Drugs and Medicines

Can always be found at our store.

Also a full line of

NOVELTIES, TOBACCOS, CIGARS, ETC.

PRESCRIPTIONS

Left in our care will be promptly and carefully filled.

Wells Pharmacy.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for the MINER.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 17, 1904.

COMPLETE but unofficial returns show that Roosevelt carried Pennsylvania by a plurality of 464,525.

THE election last week makes it certain that Joseph G. Cannon will be re-elected speaker of the house.

ELK county gave a majority of 968 for Roosevelt, but the local Democratic organization was strong enough to elect all of the county candidates by majorities varying from six hundred to one thousand. Mr. Hellman, the opponent of Mr. Sibley for Congress, carried Elk county by 578 majority.

GEORGE LENNOX WATSON of London, the designer of Lipton's Shamrock II, and other racing yachts, is dead. He was born in 1851 and at an early age became famous as a naval architect. He designed more than 400 vessels. Had his health permitted he would have designed Lipton's fifth challenger for the America's cup.

ONE of the hottest times Olean ever experienced was last Saturday evening when the good people of that enterprising little city celebrated the election of President Roosevelt and their own home grown Governor-elect Higgins. The whole city was in gala attire as it never was before. Mr. Higgins' many friends look upon him as a formidable candidate for the Presidency in 1908. Here's hoping he is.

IN talking of the election, Charles M. Schwab, the former president of the United States steel corporation, says: "I look for a decided revivification of business. I particularly expect this in the iron and steel industry. As the day of election approached Roosevelt's victory grew more and surer. This has stimulated confidence among consumers. Naturally a satisfactory end to the contest has restored confidence among all sorts of dealers, and trade conditions cannot help but pick up. The country seems more busy already and will continue to prosper."

THERE seems to be a general demand for a change in the Pennsylvania ballot and well there might be. The ballot as it is now is more misleading than ever as will be seen by the difference in the vote for the head of the ticket and the minor offices. Many voters simply marked a cross opposite the names of their choice for President, thinking they had thus voted for all the candidates of that party when in reality they only voted for the presidential electors. May the next session of the legislature devise a new form of ballot which will be simple and easy to vote and at the same time maintain the secrecy so much needed.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., Nov. 12, 1904.

There are three roses on the Roosevelt coat of arms. They are not displayed as symbols of secrecy as was the custom with the ancients, for no man is more outspoken and above board than the President. The day after the election the leading business men of Washington thronged the White House to congratulate its occupant, and each of them brought a rose, until Mr. Roosevelt found his arms full—just as four years ago great bunches of carnations were given to President McKinley. Among the callers on Wednesday was the aged widow of Gen. Anderson, of Fort Sumter fame, with a big bunch of the heraldic flowers in her hands. The President hastened to her carriage to save her from alighting. The contrast between the two was worthy of note. Mr. Roosevelt could hardly have been more than two years of age when the husband of this woman was heroically defending the fort under his command. When your correspondent first made the acquaintance of Mrs. Gen. Anderson she was a guest at Cranston's famous New York hotel, which has long since disappeared from Broadway in the great city. Then she was handsome, vivacious and in the full vigor of middle life, with dark hair and eyes. Now she is gray, wan and feeble. These little home incidents show in what estimation the President is held by his neighbors.

The telegrams of congratulation which have been pouring into the White House over ten thousand in number, are stacked up in piles two feet high. The one which the President says touched him the most came from the widow of President McKinley. The most remarkable telegram was from the Emperor of Germany. The first message of congratulation to arrive, as early as half past eight o'clock, came from Judge Parker. The news of the Roosevelt landslide came first to the President's ears from one of his sons while he was at dinner. The boy had been watching for the returns in the executive offices; he outran the messengers and burst into the dining room with: "Pop, you've carried New York by a big majority."

Everywhere in Washington folks are asking each other how it happened. All admit that the President's personality was one of the most potent factors in winning the election. He impresses all with whom he comes in contact, as being sincere, honest, purposeful, resourceful and intelligent as well as gentlemanly. Besides these characteristics he has the courage of his convictions, and no man needs it more than the President of the United States. The day after the election flags were displayed from private houses in all parts of the city; a general feeling of relief was experienced that the great contest has passed peacefully away without disturbing business on embittering sections. The coming inauguration is now talked about, and it is admitted that it will be one of the largest and most impressive ever seen in Washington. Word comes from Cleveland, Ohio, of the purpose of a regiment in that city to participate and your correspondent learns that a regiment from Boston, which participated in the September Manassas sham battle will leave on a special train March 1st, 1905, for this city.

It is too early yet to speak advisedly of forthcoming changes in the executive branch of the government. There is no hurry as everything is running smoothly and the President can bide his time, being master of the situation. Because Chief Justice Fuller will reach the retiring age of 72 years next March, enabling him to receive a pension of $10,000 it is assumed that he will resign, and then it is pointed out that Secretary Taft will be made chief justice. Messrs. Hay, Morton, Wilson and Metcalf will probably retain their portfolios but it is thought that Secretaries Shaw and Hitchcock may wish to resign for the purpose of attending to private business. If all these things happen there will be places enough for Mr. Cortelyou without displacing Mr. Wynne, the postmaster general. The President will have the war, the treasury and the interior vacancies at his disposal. But no one can exactly forecast the future, not even the weather man.

Stocks rose from two to three points on Wednesday and Thursday, the buying and selling being quite unprecedented. It is alleged that the stock exchange in this city was the only one in America which did business on election day. On Wednesday bread fell to its normal price in Washington. It is a great relief to everybody, politicians included, that the policy of this country for the next four years is known and that the questions regarding the canal, the Philippines, the size of the army and navy, imperialism and Booker Washington have been laid upon the shelf.

Socially the season has opened at the White House with uncommon interest and brilliancy. Dinners were given Thursday and Friday evenings in honor of Mr. John Morley, the eminent English author and statesman, whom Andrew Carnegie induced to visit this country to study economic conditions and witness a Presidential election. Mr. Morley's speeches a few years ago on the Home Rule Bill were impassioned appeals to lay aside prejudice and do an act of justice to the Irish people. He has later championed the cause of the Boers. He is always listened to with attention and is registered as absolutely honest and independent. He is of middle height, quite thin, very alert in movements; his face is long and clean shaven, and its general expression is one of melancholy and severity, but he dislikes the epithet "sombre." Last Wednesday he was given a banquet by the Merchants' Club of Chicago. In his after dinner speech, among other things he said: "England has saved herself by free trade and I hope she will save the United States by her example. My word to you is to stick to the old lines." The President invited the cabinet and the supreme court to meet Mr. Morley. Next Monday Prince Fushima of Japan, cousin of the emperor, will arrive in this city upon a visit of courtesy to the President. He will be handsomely entertained. Next Friday the President will have for his guests at dinner the special military envoys from the Emperor of Germany, who have come to Washington to be present at the unveiling of the statue of Frederick the Great, which event will occur on the 19th inst.

Lowest Rates to St. Louis and Return

Via the Nickel Plate Road. Stopover allowed at Chicago on all World's Fair tickets and at Cleveland, on all except the coach excursion tickets. For particulars see local ticket agents, or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the Miner. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

OFFICIAL VOTE OF McKEAN COUNTY CAST TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8th, 1904.

DISTRICTS.	President.					Judge Supreme Court					Rep. in Congress				State Senator			Representative in Assembly.							County Treasurer			Coroner			
	Roosevelt, Rep.	Parker, Dem.	Swallow, Pro.	Debs, Soc.	Corrigan, Soc. L.	Elkin, Rep.	Thompson, Dem.	Stevens, Pro.	Bacon, Soc.	Grant, Soc. L.	Dresser, Rep.	Shaffer, Dem.	Wise, Pro.	Blair, Soc.	Masson, Rep.	Peck, Dem.	Field, Pro.	Campbell, Rep.	McElroy, Rep.	Kornet, Dem.	Reed, Pro.	Lyon, Pro.	Barr, Soc.	Reiter, Soc.	McDermott, Dem.	Weaver, Rep.	Potter, Dem.	Bowden, Pro.	Stark, Soc.	Hall, Rep.	Robison, Dem.	Place, Pro.	Brown, Soc.
Annin Township	68	41	22	1	1	67	36	30	1	1	69	35	32	1	66	35	1	62	61	35	38	39	1	1		64	43	30	1	64	33	31	1
Bradford City, 1st Ward, 1st Dist.	57	37	5	15		72	13	4	11	1	53	30	4	11	51	30		56	79	33	5	5	12	11	5	55	72	3	6	78	24	3	9
" " " 2nd "	92	50	4	7	1	90	45	8	5	1	93	36	8	4	86	39		56	76	33	9	6	6	7	26	50	68	3	4	76	27	8	4
" " 2d " 1st "	226	48	16	20		208	50	15	20	1	219	32	18	22	214	42		195	202	93	84	80	20	17		167	196	9	18	222	58	12	16
" " " 2nd "	144	54	10	26	1	124	50	12	21	1	141	43	10	21	122	50		115	118	60	19	19	25	23		91	110	7	10	125	52	9	15
" " 3d " 1st "	157	53	15	25	2	155	54	19	20	4	158	46	9	24	131	58		115	127	52	26	24	27	36	31	89	122	7	18	133	56	11	19
" " " 2nd "	195	52	19	30		198	77	18	20	4	189	64	15	18	173	70		165	90	94	60	33	21	17	58	74	152	12	9	136	39	14	20
" " 4th "	333	90	67	31	1	295	87	45	34	4	312	62	36	33	277	74		229	244	95	98	67	55	29	42	218	184	27	28	227	92	41	33
" " 5th "	207	71	18	54	11	173	60	14	49	4	193	62	13	39	161	70		160	162	87	87	71	37	34	57	145	131	13	28	160	47	18	32
" " 6th "	241	60	47	14		194	60	41	11	1	222	35	25	12	188	8		150	199	106	55	53	14	8		150	197	20	7	201	94	44	17
Bradford Twp., 1st Dist.	142	21	26	9		120	18	28	9		123	21	20	7	110	24		109	104	25	45	40	9	5	14	109	41	25	7	116	28	22	7
" " 2d "	97	18	20	23	2	76	14	20	22	1	78	18	23	26	98	15	1	65	63	19	26	24	22	22		57	41	19	35	98	15	22	23
Ceres Twp.	127	33	20	2	1	111	25	15	1	1	112	24	15		111	24		110	108	24	17	14			1	118	34	15		108	22	2	
Corydon Twp., 1st Dist.	23	2	2			23	3	1			24	4	1		22	2		21	23	2	2	2				24	3	1		24	2	1	
" " 2nd "	18	4				16	1				17	1			17	1		17	17	1						16	2			16	2		
Eldred Borough	126	40	34	15	2	101	42	33	18	1	108	41	35	18	101	44		101	98	40	42	40	18	12		96	50	32	18	105	40	34	18
Eldred Twp.	126	24	32	2		118	25	25	3		110	32	28	2	118	24	1	116	110	31	28	30	2	2	29	118	35	23	2	116	31	27	2
Foster Twp., 1st Dist.	94	43	16			87	43	13			84	44	14		82	44		76	80	39	19	16		1		78	59	16		85	43	13	
" " 2nd "	58	42	26			51	40	28		1	62	34	30		40	43		40	54	28	30	24	1			32	55	21		32	14	20	
Hamilton Twp., 1st Dist.	163	9	7	1		142	6	9			142	5	10		142	5		149	140	6	9				5	145	5	9		142	5	9	
" " 2nd "	28	6	1	2		27	7	1			22	6	6		19	5		10	22	7	7	3				23	6	1		23	6	2	
Hamlin Twp., 1st Dist.	164	14	4			159	11	4			159	11	3		159	10	1	161	158	10	6	6			7	161	12	4		156	9	4	1
" " 2nd "	75	2	8			67	1	8			66	1	8		66	1		60	66	3	8	5			1	65	8	1		60	1	8	
" " 3rd "	76	8	10	3		72	7	22	3		62	7	21	8	59	10	4	61	53	10	23	11	4	3		51	24	16	5	62	7	22	3
Kane Borough, 1st Ward	188	41	8	1	2	190	40	9	1	2	207	42	11	1	171	40		190	170	28	9	15	1	1		144	51	7	1	163	43	9	1
" " 2nd "	214	35	38	4		191	34	39	8		191	38	40	8	195	34	1	200	187	36	34	36	8	2		166	41	36	2	163	38	25	4
" " 3rd "	183	13	15	3	1	128	16	18	2	1	130	18	18	3	126	13	2	127	113	12	20	42	3	3		102	11	24		121	12	41	2
" " 4th "	188	37	11			181	35	15	1	2	129	37	14	1	126	34		118	123	37	15	16	1	2		125	34	9		101	31	12	3
Keating Twp., 1st Dist.	90	47	5			74	40	8			72	43	6		61	55		70	65	50	32	8				65	59	6		70	44	7	1
" " 2nd "	118	17	10	2	1	104	15	13	1		90	19	12	1	93	21		95	94	19	19	18	2	1	2	94	26	13	1	101	15	18	1
" " 3rd "	84	11	11	2		78	12	10			77	13	14	2	67	16		67	80	17	16	21	2			69	25	9		66	17	15	1
Lafayette Twp., 1st Dist.	47	44	6			46	42	4			48	41	4		35	42		43	42	4	6	3				35	51	5		42	40	5	
" " 2nd "	68	23	9	6		47	20	12	6		48	26	10	11	44	19		43	48	24	15	12	4	2		31	52	8	3	43	27	13	3
" " 3rd "	51	10	1	4		45	9	1	2		48	8	1	2	45	9		45	45	9	4	8	1			36	24	1		45	9	2	
" " 4th "	23	4	3			21	4	3			20	5	5		21	4		10	18	4	6	6				19	4	5		21	8	4	
Liberty Twp.	167	91	35	2	1	149	80	43	2	1	149	78	45	2	147	78	5	148	140	73	49	50	4	2	08	147	82	45	2	147	70	43	3
Mt. Jewett Borough	162	30	29	3		160	25	24	1		158	29	19		108	25	5	150	160	22	27	46				147	50	16		150	29	17	3
Norwich Twp., 1st Dist.	101	9	11		2	94	22	9	1	1	92	21	9	1	99	24		99	89	21	15	11	1		18	92	24	8	1	91	21	9	1
" " 2nd "	17	4				15	1	1			16	4			15	5		15	15	2	1		1		5	13	7		1	15	6		1
Otto Twp., 1st Dist.	119	45	22	5		106	38	26	4		95	41	23	3	95	38	2	91	91	37	31	33	6	2		85	52	20	6	93	29	20	4
" " 2nd "	78	18	20	1		63	20	23			65	18	21	1	57	20		50	47	24	20	31				52	29	10		50	10	23	
Port Allegany Borough	221	101	42	4		198	82	45	5	1	190	83	45	5	191	84	11	191	189	92	62	58	5	4		194	102	46	8	190	81	49	5
Sergeant Twp., 1st Dist.	91	33	2		1	78	31	2		1	76	35	2		75	32		77	78	31	8	4				70	33	1		77	31	2	
" " 2nd "	37	13				25	9				27	9			21	9		26	24	10						23	10			24	9		
Smethport Borough	291	74	15	9		264	73	23	8		271	69	27	8	250	81		252	251	79	61	69	3	8		263	99	15	7	268	64	23	10
Wetmore Twp.	189	25	17	3		170	18	17	1		162	20	20	2	162	20		168	158	20	18	23	2	2	10	161	32	10	1	164	20	20	1
Totals	5719	1580	703	328	28	4855	1691	782	272	31	5129	1420	765	282	4843	1533	37	4698	4644	1722	1010	1012	265	218	381	4419	2460	643	209	4672	1535	709	250
Pluralities	4063					3454					3709				3310			2973	2922							1947				3118			

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find

Just What You Want,

at all one of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Case Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices. Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

Clerk's Notice in Bankruptcy

In the District Court of the United States for the Western District of Pennsylvania, John R. McCarty of McKean county, Pennsylvania, a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, having applied for a full discharge from all debts provable against his estate under said Act, notice is hereby given to all known creditors and other persons in interest, to appear before the said Court at Pittsburgh, in said District, on the 9th day of December, 1904, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the said petitioner should not be granted.

WILLIAM T. LINDSEY, Clerk.

EXCLUSIVE SHOE DEPARTMENT | **BROWN** | MERCHANT TAILORING DEPARTMENT

Everything that is brown is strictly in it. Brown Suits, Brown Overcoats, Brown Hats, Brown Neckwear and Brown Hosiery. In fact everything brown.

Watch for window display.

H. W. RUBIN. SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

"NEVER IN MY LIFE"

Said a customer the other day, "Have I felt comfortable and 'dressed up' until I wore the

HENDERSON CORSET.

Do not forget I handle it.

Also the very new things in SHREDDED SPONGE BUSTLES, BUST FORMS and CORSET PADS.

All the good things in woolen and outing flannel goods.

MRS. M. L. BISETT.
THE CITY STORE.

It is not Extravagance

If you come to us for your Summer Furniture. It is true that we have the best but it does not cost as much here as much here as the ordinary kind elsewhere.

Be cool and comfortable during the hot summer months. You can do it just as well as not; all it requires is some of our easy Porch Furniture.

"See Sloan First."

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

.....WE STILL GIVE PURPLE STAMPS.....

I have just received for your inspection my new line of

FALL DRESS GOODS

in the latest weaves and quality, prices to suit all. Call and look them over,

Plaids for children's school dresses at 15c the yard, good values.

I wish to call your attention to my new stock of

WALKING SKIRTS

made up of the latest cloths.

Many other new fall goods too numerous to mention are on my counters and shelves.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.

October 4, 1904.

PLACE YOUR ORDER FOR

Fall and Winter Clothing

with me. Have an up-to-date and complete line to select from and if you are thinking of getting a

SUIT, OVERCOAT OR TROUSERS

made to order it will pay you to call and inspect my line before going elsewhere. Clothes cleaned and pressed promptly. A trial will convince you,

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

G. W. Shillenn,
The Leading Tailor
Chadwick Block. Smethport.

Have you used PALMER'S PERFUMES

If not do so. We carry a fine stock of these goods and feel sure they will please you. Also a full line of

Drugs, Medicines and Toilet Articles

In fact everything to make up a first class drug store.

McCOY'S DRUG STORE

Thanksgiving Linen Sale.

THREE DAYS ONLY

MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, NOV. 21-22-23.

For this Annual Linen Sale we have collected an immense line of Table Linens, including Handsome Cloths with Napkins to match, Lunch Cloths, Tray Cloths, Napkins and Beautiful Yard Linens.

At this season of the year every housewife is looking to her table linen. We are confident that we can please all in this large assortment. Below we quote three of our many special values.

Three pieces 72 inch Heavy Bleached Linen Damask. Regular price, $1.25. Sale price 98c yd

62 inch Bleached Linen Damask. A beautiful pattern. Regular price, 60c. Sale price 47c yd

66 inch Bleached Linen Damask. A big value at our regular price, 50c. Sale price 39c yd

WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY ON EVERY PIECE.

SEE OUR EAST WINDOW.

This Store Closed All Day Thanksgiving.

The Lindholm Company

Thanksgiving Sale Cutlery.

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK'S MAKE.

The man who carves will appreciate one of our Carving Sets because he's sure of getting a knife that will carve, not haggle the meat.

Redfield's Hardware

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 17, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Thanksgiving next Thursday.

—"Si Plunkard" at the Lyceum Wednesday evening.

—Linens and pictures are advertised by Fry & Comes this week.

—A dance will be given at New City Thanksgiving night. All are invited.

—Help the Hose Co. by going to see "The Young Wife" at the Lyceum Friday night.

—At St. Luke's church on Sunday next the services will be at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

—Little girls in fancy dances between acts in "The Young Wife" at the Lyceum Friday night.

—The reserved seat sale for "The Young Wife" opens Thursday morning at Wells' Pharmacy.

—Don't fail to see the funny street parade given by the "Si Plunkard" Company Wednesday.

—Get your reserved seats for "The Young Wife" at the Lyceum Friday night at Wells' Pharmacy.

—McCoy's Drug Store is being repainted and repapered. It now presents a very attractive appearance.

—The regular Thanksgiving services will be held at St. Luke's church at 10:30 a. m. on Thursday, Nov. 24.

—"What's in It?" and "What's the Difference?" are the pastor's subjects for next Sunday at the Methodist church.

—The Rev. P. S. Calvin will preach the sermon at the Thanksgiving service at the Methodist church at 10:30 a. m.

—See what H. W. Rubin has to say about shoes in this issue. The new shoe store is becoming more popular every day.

—The marriage of Mr. Robert Johnston and Miss Rose Mulqueen, prominent Bradford society people, was solemnized Tuesday.

—A business meeting and social of the Epworth League was held at the home of Charles Lemmler Tuesday evening. A pleasant evening was enjoyed.

—That the force may have the whole day to hunt up a turkey dinner we intend issuing the MINER on Wednesday of next week. Advertisers will please assist us by bringing in their changes early.

—The Ladies' Aid Society of St. Elizabeth's church will give a supper and dance at the Lyceum next Tuesday evening, Nov. 22. The ladies have a reputation of being the best of entertainers and will undoubtedly be successful in their efforts this time.

—"The Hopeful Spirit" will be Rev. P. S. Calvin's subject at the Baptist church next Sunday morning. Subject for the evening: "Uses the Practical Man Can Make of Sunday."

—The window glass workers will give a benefit dance at the Lyceum Thanksgiving night. Excellent music has been engaged and a good time is assured. Tickets 10 cents, or 3 for 25 cents.

—Mr. Fred B. Holmes of Mt. Jewett and Miss Olive B. Conlter of Dallas City were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents on Tuesday of last week. They will make their home in Mt. Jewett.

—Joshua Davis of Kane was quite painfully injured on Wednesday of last week by being thrown under a horse which he was riding. His injuries, however, are not dangerous, which will be pleasant news to his many friends in this county.

—A masquerade ball will be given at the hose house, Smethport, next Wednesday evening by J. L. Hammond, the dancing teacher. Chadwick's orchestra will furnish the music and a good time is assured. A present will be given to the couple who has the most novel costume. Tickets $1.00.

—Joel W. Seymour of Bradford died at his home at 8 o'clock Wednesday morning of heart trouble, aged 61 years. He formerly resided at Ormsby and was well known in Smethport. During the civil war he served in Co. A, 22nd N. Y. Vol. He is survived by his wife and one son, W. W. Seymour of Bradford.

—W. L. Douglass, the millionaire shoeman, is now Democratic Governor-elect of Massachusetts and at the same time President Roosevelt carried that state by 80,000. Mr. Douglass says advertising has made his business a success and he therefore adopted the same plan in his campaign. His election is pretty good proof that advertising pays.

—Through an oversight we neglected to mention last week the death of William J. Curtis, who died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. W. Dye, on Minard Run, on Monday of last week. Mr. Curtis was 80 years old and is survived by two sons, George of Bradford and C. H. Curtis of Chipmunk, N. Y., and three daughters, Mrs. F. W. Cole of Bradford, Mrs. Dye of Minard Run and Miss Rosena Curtis of Smethport.

—Paul P. Lyon has been elected to the position of Chief Engineer of the Timber Lake Mining Company of Wyoming. Mr. Lyon spent a portion of the summer on the property of the company, making surveys for a ditch through which to convey water from the mountains. Mr. Lyon is a staunch believer in the value of the Timber Lake holdings, and looks forward to a very successful career for the developers and stockholders. He will leave in the early Spring for Wyoming to resume his labors.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—A house belonging to Leander Gallup was blown down during the heavy wind storm in Port Allegany last Sunday evening. The house was a new one and only partially finished. We are unable to learn the amount of the damage.

—The next attraction, Wednesday evening, Nov. 23rd, at the Lyceum will be the well known rural comedy, "Si Plunkard," as presented by J. C. Lewis, supported by his big comedy company in his new version of the well known laughing success, "Si Plunkard." This company is noted for carrying the finest orchestra of any company on the road.

—Miss Frances, daughter of Mrs. Harriett A. Westcott and Mr. Spencer G. Thorpe, both of Los Angeles, California, were united in marriage at that place on Thursday, Nov. 10, 1904. The bride formerly lived in Bradford and Hazelhurst, this county, and she has many friends in this vicinity who wish the young couple a long and happy wedded life.

—Tuesday at the Backus' bowling alleys two teams of glass cutters from the Smethport Window Glass factory contested for supremacy in a series of three games. The teams were composed of five men each and were captained by George Michaels and Lew Marks, the former team winning by 102 pins. The totals for each game were: Michaels, 687, 625, 726; Marks, 557, 715, 663.

—Last Sunday evening one of the heaters in the Smethport Lyceum exploded, doing considerable damage. The cause of the explosion is unknown but it is supposed that the heavy wind partially blew the gas out and the drum filled with gas before it ignited from that which was still burning. The only damage done was to the heating apparatus and that will be repaired so that the Lyceum can be heated for "The Young Wife" by local talent Friday evening.

—The Kane High School football team defeated the Smethport High School team at Kane last Saturday by a score of 26 to 0. Our boys had a hard time getting a team together and were forced to miss the 10:15 train in order to muster an eleven, some of whom did not even know the signals. When they did get into the game they were obliged to play the game without a Smethport timekeeper or umpire and therefore it is not surprising that the home team ran up a big score on the boys.

—Lloyd Armstrong has finished a five-year enlistment in the United States Navy and returned home Monday. During his service he has encircled the globe and has visited most of the important seaports of the world. He visited Japan recently and sent home a tea set of Japanese hand painted china, which is displayed in his father's show window, an artistic piece of work which shows that the Japs are well up in the fine arts. As yet Lloyd has not decided whether to re-enlist or not.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Nov. 12, 1904.

Antonin Abbate Pasquale, Fred. Fohnaghty, William Mulica, Henry Madigan 2, Northern Tier Lumber Co., Andy Smith, Harry Snyder. Foreign—Benetti, Corrado.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

Important Notice.

Notice is hereby given that hereafter the ordinance of this borough relative to obstruction of streets and sidewalks and nuisance, and depositing refuse matter, papers, etc. in the streets of the borough, and being ordinance No. 19, and providing for fines and penalties on convictions for violations thereof, will be strictly enforced, as therein provided.

CHAS. MCKEAN, Burgess.

Desirable Building Lots.

I have several very desirable building lots in this borough which will be sold at reasonable prices for cash or easy payments. For particulars call on or address Harry L. Backus, MINER office.

LYCEUM THEATRE

ONE NIGHT ONLY

Wednesday, Nov. 23.

J. C. LEWIS

IN THE NEW

SI PLUNKARD

A SCENIC PRODUCTION OF RURAL LIFE.

EVERYTHING NEW BUT THE TITLE.

Making the Funniest Street Parade Ever Seen

Carrying the Finest Orchestra on the Road

Prices 25, 35, 50, 75c

Seats on sale at H. C. Wells' Drug Store.

Personal Mention.

S. F. Redfield visited in Bradford this week.

Guy B. Mayo had business in Bradford yesterday.

Miss Carrie Servatius of Kane visited in town this week.

Rev. J. Heber McCandless is a Pittsburg visitor this week.

Dr. and Mrs. Burg Chadwick were Bradford visitors Tuesday.

W. H. Hungerford was a business visitor in Bradford Tuesday.

O. W. Schiffler returned Tuesday from a brief visit at Lancaster.

Mrs. F. T. Charnock of Mt. Jewett was a visitor in town Monday.

Mrs. Dunbar of Olb, N. Y., is visiting her daughter, Mrs. G. H. McCoy.

C. S. King of Port Allegany had business in town the first of the week.

Attorney V. B. Bouton was transacting business in Bradford Tuesday.

Mrs. Sheridan Gorton left Wednesday for a week's visit in Buffalo.

Mrs. Foster Studholme of Olean is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Holder.

Miss E. L. Duntley made a business trip to Buffalo Saturday, returning on Tuesday.

Mrs. Alice McClure is visiting her sons, Leon and Ray Wolters, in Manistee, Mich.

Mrs. Leo McCabe of Erie is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Campbell.

J. Clayton Backus left Tuesday for a western trip in the interests of the Backus Automatic Pin Setter.

Mrs. Volney J. Coleman of Port Allegany was in attendance at the funeral of Mrs. J. F. Olmstead on Monday.

John B. Eastman was in Clearfield this week acting as return judge for McKean county in counting the Congressional vote.

Dr. and Mrs. W. P. Burdick and Mrs. H. S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett were in attendance at the funeral of Mrs. J. F. Olmstead on Monday.

Mrs. John Baker, who formerly resided in Smethport, has returned to this place and is making her home with Mrs. E. H. Colegrove.

Mrs. Collins and family and Miss Helen Hetzel of Bradford and Clark Todd of Port Allegany were guests of J. G. Todd and family over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Powell and son, Jack, left yesterday for Chicago where they will visit for two weeks and will then go to Fredonia, Kansas, their future home. This change is necessitated for the benefit of Mrs. Powell's health and the many friends of the family will hope the change will prove beneficial.

C. H. Gleason pays cash for hides and furs.

You men who still cling to the to-order-habit should look in at our Fall Suit and Overcoat Selection—they have all the ear marks of CUSTOM TAILORING. It's the good cloth and excellent workmanship that makes 'em right and keeps their shapes. It will not cost you a cent to come in and see the Suits and Overcoats we offer at from $10.00 to $18.50.

WM. MONHEIMER.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smosh and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. Smethport

MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 & $1.50 — BELL 'PHONE — BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c

DRY GOODS, CARPETS, MEN'S FURNISHINGS!

FRY & COMES

Successors to Fry & Herzog.

THIS STORE WILL BE CLOSED THANKSGIVING DAY.

LINENS.

At this season the housewife's thoughts naturally turn to fine table linens. How is your stock? Perhaps you'll want a pretty new cloth for the Thanksgiving dinner.

Just now we have particularly good assortments and special values so that you can do your replenishing to good advantage.

Along with the piece goods up to $1.50 per yard with napkins to match we have some swell pattern sets, cloth and napkins, 2½ yards @ $6.50 set and 3 yards @ $7.00 set, which we are sure will please you.

PICTURES.

The Holiday pictures have arrived. For the benefit of those who like to make their selection before the Christmas crowds make shopping difficult we place them on sale now in the new basement.

You'll pronounce them a fine lot and modestly priced we know. All sorts from 10c up.

FRY & COMES.

NEVER BEFORE

Has there been shown such a complete stock of

Horse Blankets

as we are offering this season.

Remember we save you the jobber's profit as we are the manufacturer's agents for the celebrated Northern Ohio Blanket Mills, and carry a greater variety of all grades and patterns than any other house.

Street Blankets, all wool, plain and fancy guaranteed fast colors, large and extra large sizes, Stable Blankets, Burlaps or Ducks in different weight and colors, quarter, half and full lined, bound neck and breast with 2 wide, heavy sursingles, the kind that have to stay on.

A full line of Plush and Wool Robes guaranteed to bear the most critical inspection.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE

DOUBLE STORE IN HAMILTON BLOCK

DIAMONDS AND WATCHES

DIAMONDS

We are offering great bargains at the present time. Your money is well spent when you invest it in Diamonds.

WATCHES

WATCH REPAIRING
DIAMOND SETTING
AND ENGRAVING

7 MAIN ST. **PRILL** BRADFORD, PA.

HEADQUARTERS

For Ladies' and Children's Wearing Apparel.

We are prepared for the largest Winter Business in our history. Large stocks rightly bought and low priced is a combination that cannot be beat and spells quick sales.

Of course the choicest bargains go first.

Buy your Winter Hat now. We have a large and complete assortment.

Just received a new lot of Winter Waists, latest styles and colors. Also can show you an elegant line of silk petticoats. Quality guaranteed.

Mercerized skirts from 98c to $2.75.

Do not fail to look at our new line of Rain Coats, Ladies' and Children's Coats, Furs, Gloves, Belts, Underwear, etc.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN.

It Isn't Too Early

To Think About

Boys' Clothes

Nor to Look at Clothes for Winter.

For the handsome things and novel things are snapped up quick.

The first comer get the choice of the stock.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store

APRIL SHOWERS

By Ruth Santelle.

Copyright, 1904, by R. M. Whitehead

The raindrops pattered down as merrily and musically as if an unexpected shower were a most delightful thing. They washed the brick pavement to a fresh red, making tiny rivulets of the gutters.

But Phyllis Dalrymple was not occupied with admiration of the raindrops' pranks. It was provoking! Ten minutes before there had not been a suspicion of rain. And here she was cooped up on the tiny piazza of an apartment house, without the remotest hope of rescue till the rain should please to cease. How empty the street seemed too!

A lone pedestrian! Enviable creature, with rain coat and umbrella, sauntering along as if being out in the rain were the pleasantest thing imaginable, and now—what an odd young man he was—stopping right in front of her to watch the tiny river swirl and divide upon an obstructing brick!

"I beg your pardon, sir, but could you possibly let me"— Her voice faltered.

Herbert Ward heeled about and beheld, perched on the top step under the narrow shelter, a most alluring picture of distress.

"Can I be of assistance?" he began, drawing nearer, hat in hand. "You were speaking to me?"

The vision stiffened from its appealing attitude.

"You must be mistaken, sir. I do not recall having met you." Then, hastily, at his look of injured surprise: "Oh, yes; yes. Forgive me. I did speak to you. Oh, please don't go away and leave me now!"

The bewilderment on Ward's face was so very frank that the girl broke into a ripple of laughter.

"Really, I must ask you to forgive me again. I do not mean to be rude. But it was funny to see you looking as overcome as I felt. There! That smile makes me sure you are good natured, and if you'll come up out of the rain I'll try to tell you."

Ward accepted with alacrity.

"You see I was caught by the shower"—Ward nodded, with a comprehensive glance at the dainty toilet—"and I simply must go on, because I promised to take this lace pattern to old Mrs. Walker, and I always keep my word. And I couldn't wait very long either, because I've an engagement at 3. And there's no car, no cab, no anything—and you just looked like salvation—and I was sure you hadn't anything to do, because you weren't hurrying at all, you know"—

"Not a thing except your bidding until 3," assented Ward. "I, too, have an appointment."

"Then you could just as well as not, you know, walk along? I don't believe I ever asked any one before," she confessed, with a charming blush, in apology for her embarrassment.

"Couldn't have done so well with years of experience," declared Ward, looking interested. "My worthy umbrella and humble self are yours most devotedly. And as it seems already to be raining quite a little less viciously perhaps you'd like to start," he suggested.

"You are very kind," replied Phyllis demurely, gathering up her ruffles preparatory to setting out.

As a matter of fact, it was not raining much now, but the big umbrella and its stalwart owner were excellent company in the deserted street.

"I almost believe I like unconventionality," said Phyllis, picking her way as a dainty woman will. "It's so—well, different from everyday."

"I am convinced that I like unconventionality, if this is it," responded Ward.

Phyllis looked reproachful.

"This was what I thought about it before I first spoke," she said hurriedly. "Of course we don't know each other at all"—

"Worse luck!" said a voice at her side.

"but I need to be rescued, and he's apparently nothing better to do than rescue me. He looks trustworthy, and after he takes me to Mrs. Walker's, where I can send for the carriage, we shall never see each other again"—

"Never see each other again!—Oh, I say, after I do my best"—

"and as I am perfectly sure"—with no hesitation to show that she heard a word of the protest "from his appearance that he would not dream of taking advantage of my confidence I think I shall run the risk of appealing to his generosity."

They walked for a minute silently. Then she stole a glance at his clear cut face, flushed with mortification, and relented.

"You are doing me such a favor"—more genially—"that I don't mind telling you that I was horribly frightened after I spoke and truly believe I should have run away the minute you turned if it hadn't been for the rain."

"Thank heaven for rain!" he murmured so fervently that they both smiled and caught each other in the act.

"But I really think it's not raining a drop now," she said. "There's nothing left but the sprinkle from the trees."

"It would ruin your frock in no time." And he gave the exquisitel gowned little figure another openly approving glance.

"But, of course," responded Phyllis, "I couldn't permit myself to presume upon your kindness when I don't really need you, and, you see, the sun is trying its best to shine this very minute."

"May failure attend its efforts—that is—I mean—you know how very uncertain such weather is, and if I allowed you to be caught again I'd never forgive myself."

"Oh, you wouldn't think of it again of course," she laughed coyly. "But I should be desolated if I caused you to miss your appointment. It's quite a little nearer 3 than it was, you know."

"Hang the appointment! Oh, I say I beg your pardon, you know. But really I'm having such a good time I'd forgotten, and it's a bore anyway."

"The appointment?"

"Yes; a beastly duty, you see. You wouldn't mind my unburdening myself? I'm just in town for a few weeks on business, and an old school chum made me promise I'd look up his sister—gave me a letter and all that which I'm to present this afternoon. I know her sort too well—the frothy gushy kind. Old Bob's the right stuff but these girls—Lord, I'd no end rather be excused. If it had only been some one like you, now."—

"Oh, you really mustn't say it," came a queer, muffled voice.

Ward looked down to see a very pink face, a pair of unaccountably roguish eyes and a tempting mouth that twitched at the corners.

"Why mustn't I say it?" he persisted. "Hang conventionality! There I go again—but hang it anyway! Here I am having the best time of my life, and just because we happen not to have met formally I can't say what I think. And, worse still, I've got to go precisely and run my head straight into a noose. *Probably* find an 'at home,' and the house full of others just like her. I'd not rebel at all if you were to take care of me—that is, if you were willing. Can't we be introduced or something, whatever would be necessary to make it proper?"

The pretty face had burned pinker and pinker.

"Don't you think you're a bit hard on a girl you've never seen?" suggested the same muffled voice.

"Don't have to see her. What's more, don't want to. I know the sort, I tell you. But Bob"—

"Bob who? I might know his sister."

"Bob Dalrymple. Grand old chap too."

"I knew it!" triumphantly. "I mean—yes, I have heard of him. And here we are at Mrs. Walker's. You can't think how grateful I am for the share in your *umbrella*—and your very refreshing frankness. Goodby."

"Oh, I say! You're going to let me find you again, aren't you? To lose you at once for a mere form when I've waited all these years."

The genuine distress on his face was too much for Phyllis' composure, and the repressed laughter came in a gale of merriment.

"I won't detain you longer," she said, swinging the gate with her toe. "I have an engagement at 3—something of a nuisance too. I shall have to entertain a friend of my brother's, and I understand he's rather a stick—not half so charming as you have been, I'm sure."

Then the gate slammed against her hand, and a shower of white cards sprinkled the walk. Ward bent to pick up her purse, and from every white square was confronted by the words "Miss Phyllis Dalrymple."

"Miss Dalrymple," he stammered in an agony of humiliation. "I—I—how could you let me—I"—

But Phyllis was tripping up the walk. As she reached the step she turned and smiled. Just then the sun burst from behind a cloud, transforming the world into a sparkle of diamond drops.

"Miss Dalrymple will be at home, alone, at 3," she said. "It is possible that she would listen to a—well, let us say an explanation."

A Few Moments of Leisure.

Thrift and industry have been the guiding stars of Miss Jelly's life. During a sojourn in the Adirondacks with an invalid niece she made the best of her time and has only twenty-four hours to regret hours during which she was lost in deep woods into which she had ventured to search for a desired medicinal plant.

Her absence much alarmed her niece, and when the search party at last returned with Miss Jelly, whom they had found hungry, but safe, the niece fell on her aunt's neck.

"Oh, Aunt Phoebe," she sobbed, "weren't you frightened to death out in those dreadful woods all night?"

"Frightened!" said Miss Jelly, with fine scorn. "No, I wasn't. I reckoned there wouldn't be any critters but what I could get away from if it came to that, for I can climb with the best, and I'd chosen my tree. But it did make me mad to think of the chance I had to study out that knitting pattern Miss Brown's cousin sent her, and there I was with not a single knitting needle or a mite o' yarn!"—Youth's Companion.

Too Rich For the Blood.

A tall, rawboned, country looking fellow wandered into a Seattle restaurant recently and diffidently took a seat, removing his hat and carefully putting it under the table. A waiter brought him a bill of fare and waited for some time, but, becoming tired, left the fellow carefully studying the list in front of him. Every time the waiter came near him he was still buried in a perusal of the bill of fare, and at length, at the end of nearly half an hour, arose to depart. "What is the matter, sir?" anxiously queried the waiter, thinking that the patron had been offended. "Too steep fer me, young feller. I can't pay $28.45 fer one meal. It's too rich fer my blood." On the table at which the man had been seated was found a small piece of paper covered with figures. He had added together the prices of everything on the bill of fare.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

MONKEY PRANKS.

The Way One Cunning Ape Served a Thieving Crow.

Recently a monkey got the better of the common enemy, the carrion crow, by feigning illness. He was fastened to a bamboo pole with a running ring. When he was on his perch the crows annoyed him by stealing from his porringer on the ground.

One morning they had been specially disagreeable. He closed his eyes and feigned a bad illness. When his day's food was brought him the crows descended upon it, and he had scarcely strength to defend it. By good acting he managed to capture one of the crows. To pluck it alive was the obvious course. Then, instead of pulling it to pieces, like the king monkey whom Kipling and Sir Edward Buck watched enjoying a similar triumph at Simla, this monkey tossed the crow into the air, where its own companions fell upon it and killed it.

Monkeys certainly have a sense of fun. Darwin used to spend hours watching a young female orang outang in the zoological gardens and was sure that she had the comic sentiment. She delighted to put upon her head, like a cap, a peculiar shaped bowl, which had a droll effect, and she was sensitive to the effect which her joke produced upon the spectators.—Lahore Tribune.

LAWS ON EATING.

Meals at One Time Were Regulated by Statute in England.

On Nov. 2, 1330, a law came into force in England for the regulation of meals and continued to have a place on the statute book until 1857. It was designed to check the evils resulting from an excessive use of costly meats and enacted that no one should partake at any place or time (except on specified festivals and holidays to the number of sixteen days a year) of more than two courses, each not consisting of more than two sorts of victuals, either flesh or fish, with the common sorts of pottage, and inexpensive sauce. On named feast days three courses were allowed.

This law was an extension of an ordinance issued by Edward II. in 1315 regulating the meals of his nobles, the greater of whom were allowed in addition to two courses of two kinds of meat a side dish of one sort.

An act of 1363 enacts that servants, artisans and laborers "shall be served to eat and drink once a day of flesh or fish and remnant of other victuals, as of butter, milk and cheese, according to their station in life."—London Telegraph.

AFTERNOON TEA.

It Was the Vogue In England in the Eighteenth Century.

The earliest mention of afternoon tea is by Carlyle of Inveresk, who, writing of society at Harrogate in 1763, says, "The ladies gave afternoon tea and coffee in their turns."

In 1766 William Dutton wrote home from Eton college to his father in Sherborne. "I wish you would be so kind as to let me have tea and sugar to drink in the afternoon, without which there is no keeping company with other boys of my standing."

Dr. Somerville, minister of Jedburgh, writing of social habits in Scotland in his early life (1741), says, "Most families, both in the higher and in the middle ranks, used tea at breakfast, but among the latter it was only recently introduced in the afternoon, on the occasion of receiving company."

Thackeray, in "The Newcomes" (1855), alludes to the light refreshment halfway between lunch and dinner as if it were already a fashionable institution, "Barnes Newcome comes every day from the city, drops in and drinks tea at 5 o'clock."—London Globe.

Unique Public House.

In a busy thoroughfare in Glasgow there is a fully licensed public house, which is probably the smallest establishment of its kind in the kingdom. When full it can just accommodate eight customers. It is nicknamed the "Coffin," and the regular habitues give the various drinks, etc., names to correspond. A whisky is a "nail," a pint of beer a "lid," and brandy and soda is a "monument." The sandwiches are dubbed "gravestones" and the cigarettes "worms."

Mutual Distrust.

"A genius," said the young man with long hair and eyeglasses, "usually regards the world as a balky mule."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "and the world usually regards a genius as a horse that is trying to run away."—Washington Star.

Things Worth Remembering.

Do not forget that it isn't necessary to be disagreeable in order to disagree with the other man.

If we took as great pains to say kind things as we do to think unkind ones, life would be one long metaphorical May.—Success.

The Limit.

"How much will you give me for a novel of 40,000 words?"

"Let me see," replied the editor. "You ought to get six months for that!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Storms.

"Alhone says he can foretell storms."

"He does not only tell them. He can cause them."

"How?"

"By staying out till midnight."

Strong Love.

Patience—How do you know her love for him was strong? Patrice—Because it broke him.

The more you say the less people remember.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

MAN AND THE HORSE.

Animal Conquest Marked One of the Epochs In Civilization.

The conquest of the horse by man and its final utilization for all purposes which are discharged by steam and electricity today marked one of the great turning points in the history of civilization. In the great earth and sand preglacial deposits of Europe the true wild horse is as widespread, though not as varied, as in America. It is not at this stage associated with the remains of man, because no preglacial man except the pithecanthropus or trinil man of Java has been found. In the interglacial or postglacial period the remains of man and the horse are first found together. The first association occurs in the middle of the paleolithic or rough implement period. The discovery of all the possible uses of the horse came very gradually, however, for there is abundant proof that man first hunted and ate, then drove and finally rode the animal.

The prevailing drawings of the paleolithic horse represent him as log maned, with no forelock to conceal the low bred Roman nose. A second type in the Mouthe cave, a bearded horse with long, bristling mane, long ears and convex forehead, is regarded by M. Riviere as another species. But it is not clear to my mind that these drawings represent more than the summer and winter coats of the same animal. Besides these Roman nosed types, to which Ewart traces the modern cart horse, there are others with *small heads and flat noses*, which Ewart associates with the Celtic pony and possibly with the origin of the thoroughbred. Other cave drawings, reproduced by M. Capitan, leave little doubt that the ass was known in Europe. It is also certain from abundant evidence in the caves of France that there was a larger horse toward the south perhaps, while the smaller breeds may have frequented the colder northern regions.—Century.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Forgiveness is a very poor foundation for friendship.

Going visiting is like borrowing from the neighbors—you have to pay back.

Which would be wiser for a man past fifty to do—marry a trained nurse or a good cook?

There is need of a never-find-fault-with-your-meals club. Digestion would be better and the family happier.

If a secret is kept a secret this is one sign that it was not considered important enough to tell.

One thing about an idle woman—she does not stand on the street and bore people with her "views," as an idle man does.

Speaking of superfluous words, is it necessary to say in telling that a woman has gone visiting that she is visiting "friends?"—Atchison Globe.

To the Point.

The late General Russell Hastings served with distinction in the civil war, and his wartime reminiscences were amusing.

He was describing one day a time when the soldiers' pay had been in arrears.

"A young westerner, full of bragadocio," he said, "walked up to his captain during the temporary trouble, saluted and said sternly:

"'Three words with you, cap.'

"'Well,' said the captain, 'what are they?'

"'Money or discharge.'

"The captain smiled grimly.

"'Four with you,' he said.

"'Well?'

"'Neither one nor t'other.'"—New York Tribune.

Old Time Controversies.

Old time controversies were often vigorous in language. In a controversy with Milton concerning the divine right of kings Salmasius called his opponent a puny piece of a man, a homunculus, a dwarf not having a human figure, a bloodless being, a creature of skin and bones, a contemptible pedagogue fit only to flog boys, a rhinoceros, a hangdog looking fellow. The great English poet not only answered in kind, but entered into an extensive correspondence with people in Holland to obtain petty gossip and scandalous anecdotes concerning his opponent.

Married Men Live Longer.

Mortality among bachelors from the age of thirty to forty-five is 27 per cent, while among married men of the same age it is 18 per cent. For forty-one bachelors who attain the age of forty years there are seventy-eight married men who attain the same age. The difference is still more striking in persons of advanced age. At sixty years of age there remain but twenty-two bachelors for forty-eight married men, at seventy eleven bachelors for twenty-seven married men and at eighty three bachelors for nine married men.

Sage Counsel.

"You want a piece er edvice fer yo' lifetime?"

"I sho' does."

"Well, den, don't ever try ter whip de devil roun' de stump. Yo' cloze is boun' ter ketch fire, an you'll burn up befo' yo' time!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Fatal Blunder.

"He is gone!" she wailed. "He is gone forever!"

"Don't be downcast," her friend urged. "He may come back."

"No, no; I shall never see him again. I gave up the letters he had written to me."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Had Her Appetite.

Harry—Molly, you look good enough to eat. Molly—All you have to do is ask me to dine. I'll do the eating all right.—Boston Transcript.

INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident written by
W. F. SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA.
Is good reliable companies

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Secy of Internal Affairs—L. H. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. E. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. McVin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, and Leon Curtis.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hagberg, president; Miss Tavia Raymer, secretary; G. B. Mayo, treasurer; W. A. Ostrander, H. H. Redfield, J. H. Rogers, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Ramer.
Justices—B. F. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Choate, A. H. Kidder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Hyde.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
W. A. ANDORFER, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WM. FERGUSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
A. H. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE P. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
ALICE HEATLEY, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MISS MAY CHOATE, W. M.
MRS. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption—degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree and Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord R. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY ALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 29, 1904.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg:

Train 129, week days 10:10 a. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points; Olean, Buffalo and points north.

Train 123, week days 4:04 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Harleton, Cobbville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:25 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 1:20 a. m., New York 7:15 a. m. Baltimore 3:20 a. m., Washington 3:50 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:15 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays). Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:15 a. m.—Train 74, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:11 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m. week days, (10:38 a. m. Sundays). Sunbury and Baltimore 7:2 a. m., Washington 8:40 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations

Weekdays.

NORTH	Stations	SOUTH
A M LV		AR P M
2:20	Ridgway	12:01
2:40	Johnsonburg	11:35
2:56	Glen Hazel	11:18
3:07	Straight	11:07
3:12	Instanter	11:02
3:20	Smith's Run	10:55
3:29	Woodvale	10:45
3:37	Clermont	10:40
P M		A M

Connections are made with train 8, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:47 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, J. R. WOOD, General Manager. Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect June 19th, 1904. Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:30 a. m.—Daily, except Sunday, for Ormsby, Sherwood, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct., Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R. for all points East and West and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. for Sanders, Marienville, Clarion, Foxburg, Butler, Allegheny and intermediate, and with trains on P. & E. division Pennsylvania R. R.

10:05 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points. Connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R. East and West, and at Kane with P. R. R. for Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

4:10 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R. East and West, and at Kane with P. R. R. for Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

6:15 p. m.—Saturdays only for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis Aiken, Kinzua Junction and Bradford.

Trains arrive from Bradford, Kane, Mt. Jewett and intermediate points. Daily except Sunday at 9:00 a. m., and 3:40 and 5:40 p. m. Saturday special arrives from Bradford 12:20 a. m. (sunday).

For tickets and full information call on or address B. J. Cummings, ticket agent, Smethport, Pa.

H. H. Gardiner, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Buffalo, N. Y.
A. B. Campbell, Gen'l Supt. Bradford, Pa.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Effective May 29, 1904

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:00 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:50 a. m.) connecting with P. R. R. Ry. for Johnsonburg (arr. 9:25 a. m.); Ridgway (arr. 9:39 a. m.); DuBois (arr. 10:53 a. m.) and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:50 a. m.

9:01 a. m. for Eldred (arr. 9:36 a. m.); Olean (arr. 10:25 a. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:45 p. m).

12:02 noon for Clermont (arr. 12:30 p. m.) St. Marys (arr. 1:45 p. m.); Shawmut (arr. 4:22 p. m.) and Brockwayville (arr. 4:47 p. m.).

2:20 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 2:49 p. m.); Olean (arr. 3:40 p. m.); connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 6:10 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 3:33 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 4:08 p. m.); Angelica (arr. 4:31 p. m.); Hornellsville (arr. 5:10 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 7:23 p. m.), connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

3:05 p. m.—For Larabee (arr. 3:55 p. m.) connecting with P. R. for Port Allegany (arr. 7:08 p. m.); Coudersport (arr. 7:45 p. m.); Emporium (arr 8:05 p. m.

Trains arrive:—9:01—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane. 12:20 p. m.—From Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont. 12:02 noon—From Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean 2:35 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett with connections from B. R. & P. 7:22 p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MARONEY, General Supt. O. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt. St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901

Ar. Eastward.			STATIONS.	L'v Westward.		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar. Dp	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8:05	7:05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Cowell	7.27	2.32	9.18
7.45	0	1.57	Carpenter	0	2.34	9.-
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'fd Junc	7.37	2.42	9.32
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	0
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.-
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Pringle	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	0	1.05	N. Couds'pt	0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M.
4.26	7.45	12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.26
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.18	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.25	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wks	0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry., and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

THE NEW YORK WORLD

THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and it full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first-news has given it circulation where the English language is spoken—and you want it.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the MINER together one year for $1.65.

The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

A CORNER IN PARADISE

By KEITH GORDON

Copyright, 1904, by P. C. Eastment.

"What do you suppose Adam and Eve talked about?" inquired the girl in the Hongkong chair, with a yawn, as she settled her Burne-Jones proportions a trifle more luxuriously in the barbaric splendor of the pillows and clasped her large, shapely hands above the shadowy darkness of her head.

"Love," replied the man, with laconic promptness. "There wasn't anything else for them to talk about, so far as I can see."

Miss Chesterton's glance slowly detached itself from the enchanting picture of turquoise water and topaz islands afforded by the oval opening in the curtain of vines that screened the veranda and rested coolly upon him.

"There was the weather," she argued sweetly, "and the birds and flowers."

"You forget that Adam was a man," observed her companion, with just a perceptible stress upon the last word.

A silence followed, in which the appalling beauty of a California August held them spellbound. Miss Chesterton drew a sharp breath; then she resumed the conversation once more.

"All men don't," was her somewhat incoherent remark.

Dinsmore had the air of a man suddenly recalled to consciousness from a state of suspended animation.

"Don't what?"

She flushed and looked injured. Already the unpardonable sin loomed large in the perfect beauty of their small, quiet world.

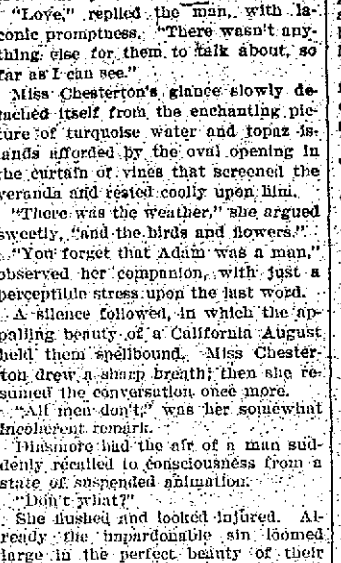
"Don't forget what one's talking about," she retorted crisply.

He gave an amused laugh. "You mustn't lay it up against me," was his contrite plea. "You see, I feel like a fly caught in the amber; like—like—by Jove, it's too beautiful!"

She nodded understandingly, and again a silence fell, unbroken save by a wistful bird note.

Meantime, slowly and painfully, measuring every inequality with its yellow, jelly-like length, a slug crawled steadily along the garden path and up and over step after step until it gained the veranda where the two were sitting.

Neither of them perceived the newcomer, though it was a fine, large specimen, fully eight inches long and as large around as one's thumb, of the sort sometimes sought for by easterners who like to carry the proof of their stories back with them. It made



SHE SANK SLOWLY BACK UPON THE CUSHIONS.

its way along the floor of the veranda and up one of the wicker legs of Miss Chesterton's chair as if it recognized the woman as unerringly as did the serpent of old.

A little scream broke the stillness. Coming back from a dreamy, sensuous contemplation of the passion flowers that hung like jewels among the dusky rafters of the porch, Miss Chesterton's startled glance fell upon the long, fat, glutinous snail stretched out upon the arm of her chair, as if enjoying a well earned rest after the prolonged trip from its home at the root of the clump of calla lilies.

"Gracious!" she exclaimed as Dinsmore leaned toward her questioningly. "How on earth did it get here?"

"History repeats itself," was his meaning reply as he watched the intruder, whose horns pointed upward in an aggressive fashion. "I hope you are impressed by the fact that its errand is evidently with you. You will notice that it is perfectly contented there, and by the way it opens that little circular window in the side of its head I should think it was listening for what you might have to say."

For a moment they watched the slug curiously. Then a droll thought lightened her face like a flash of sunshine, and Dinsmore waited for an explanation.

"I was thinking of Eve," she said softly. "The sight of the serpent must have been as bracing as a tonic after the enervating beauty of Eden. No wonder that she listened. It's a positive joy to rest one's eyes upon such ugliness after all this blinding beauty. Absolutely I've been fighting the heartache—wrestling with a desire to moan and weep."

"And yet you screamed at the sight of it."

The words in themselves were innocent enough, but the tone was thoughtful, and Dinsmore's long, searching look gave them a significance that caused her to feel conscious and then redden with annoyance because she had done so. To divine that underneath his words might lie an implication that her efforts to discourage his suit meant no more than her startled cry at the appearance of the slug was womanly intuition. But to show that she had divined it was a very different matter, a break more worthy of some rustic schoolgirl than of Eloise Chesterton. He continued to gaze at her until she felt like an insect impaled upon a pin point for the benefit of an interested student. At last she could endure it no longer.

"Probably Eve screamed, too, just at first sight of the serpent!" she remarked desperately. Then, with an inward groan, she wished she had not spoken.

Dinsmore laughed out, a little note of triumph in his voice.

"If you think so, I'm sure that she did," was his reply. "Thank you for settling a point that was puzzling me."

Defiance sparkled in Miss Chesterton's eyes.

"Reading between the lines," she observed, with much deliberation and apparent irrelevance, "is a misleading habit. For instance, take my own case. I mean what I say and nothing more. You can't read between the lines, because there is never anything to read."

At the words the slug crawled a little farther along the arm of the chair, as if something had made it uneasy.

"Incredulity!" ejaculated Dinsmore in a suppressed voice, his head thrown back upon his chair and his eyes lifted to the passion flowers.

His companion sat upright, looking at him with fiery scorn.—He met her eyes brazenly. Never had he seen her appear so superbly beautiful. But he only said:

"Don't sit up like that in a Hongkong chair; it's inartistic. Moreover, it's ungracious, and a woman should never be ungracious!"

"You're horrid, Ralph Dinsmore," was the only reply she vouchsafed him, but he noticed that she sank slowly back upon the cushions. One couldn't afford to look awkward in the eyes of any man, even a man that one fully intends to refuse.

The warm gold of the afternoon sunlight was gradually paling, and a chill was creeping stealthily into the suave air. Dinsmore, recognizing the signs of late afternoon, looked at his watch. Just a half hour until the 5 o'clock boat would bear him away from this corner in paradise back to San Francisco.

He drew a small case from his pocket and calmly handed it to Miss Chesterton.

"You like old jewels. See what you think of it," was his matter of fact comment.

She obeyed him, drawing from the case a ring of quaint workmanship in which two beautiful pearls were imbedded.

"Beautiful!" she exclaimed enthusiastically. "Exquisite!" But she did not look toward him. "What it is for and where did you get it?" she added, struggling to appear natural.—

For an answer he leaned toward her and took it gently from her clasp. Then he lifted her left hand and calmly placed it on the third finger, holding the hand firmly in his while he said authoritatively:

"That is what it is for. As for the rest, it has been in the Dinsmore family for 200 years, worn always by the sweetheart and wife of the eldest son."

"But you haven't asked me," objected a faint voice.

"One doesn't bother about those details in paradise, beloved," he murmured happily. "Adam knew that Eve was his, and by the same token I know that you were made for me."

The slug was squirming slowly toward the garden again.

Etiquette.

It is the true leaders of society who are the least haughty and reserved. The grande dame by birth, breeding and association knows, like the gentleman born and bred, just when, how and upon whom to bestow her pleasant smile of recognition. She is not afraid, as are those less familiar with proper social usages, that she might commit a social solecism and do the wrong thing.

It is this woman who speaks the kindest to the weary shopgirl. It is she to whom the laboring man lifts his apology of a hat as she thanks him for the cessing of his busy broom or the holding open of a door for her. It was such a woman who heard the retort coming from the sweeper of a crossing when she thanked him for lifting her over the deep mud. "I fear I was very heavy," she said sweetly.

"No, indade, mum. I do be used to carryin' bar'ls o' sugar," said he.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Worked Splendidly.

Brown—What puts you in such a good humor this morning?

Robinson—I've just got a patent out for my new ink eraser. I wouldn't take £10,000 for it.

"Didn't you get a patent last year for inventing an indelible ink?"

"I did, and I sold it for £6,000, and now I've invented an eraser that will even remove writing done with my own indelible ink."

"What are you going at next?"

"I'm going to invent another indelible ink that can't be erased with my new eraser. I tell you there is money in this patent business if you only go about it the right way."—London Globe.

QUEER ALMANACS.

Australian Shepherds Have Odd Ways of Marking Time.

The boundary riders of the great Australian sheep ranches have each a district to look after, in which one must keep the wire fences in repair and see that the sheep come to no harm. It is a hard and lonely life, living, as each boundary rider does, quite alone in the wilderness. A writer tells of some of the curious ways in which these solitary men keep count of the days.

One old man who had lived in the back country for thirty years used two jam tins and seven pebbles. One tin was marked, "This week," and the other "Last week." On Monday morning he would take a pebble from "Last week" and drop it into "This week," and each subsequent morning till "This week" had swallowed the seven. They were returned to "Last week," and the old fellow knew that another Sunday had passed.

Another man had tried and failed with several plans. At last he hit on a new idea. He made a big damper (cake of flour and water) on Sunday night and marked it into seven sections, each section being a day's allowance, so that every time he picked up the damper the grocer would remind him of the day. Unfortunately one Tuesday there came a visitor with a ravenous appetite. The host stinted himself that the hungry one might be satisfied with the day's section. But he wasn't. With anxious eyes the host saw the knife clearing the boundary line and the hungry man ruthlessly carving into his allowance. At last he could stand it no longer.

"Stop, stop!" he cried as he grabbed the damper and glared at it.

"There," he said, "you've eaten Toosday and Wednesday, and now ye wanter slice the best o' the mornin' o' Thursday, an' I won't know the day o' the week."

ANCIENT BURIALS.

Weapons of Warriors and Trinkets of Women in Their Graves.

A cemetery belonging to a garrison of Longobards has been found near Ascoli, on the Trento-Rome pass across the Apennines, in Italy. The site of the fort is the top of an island of rock now occupied by a little hamlet called Castel Trosino. All the warriors were laid with their faces to the east. Near the head was found a comb made of horn or bone and a round shield with iron boss. On the right lay a long, straight iron sword in a scabbard of hide. Against the right shoulder was laid a long wooden spear and on the left a dagger in a highly ornamented sheath, decorated with gold, as well as a bow and arrows in a quiver.

Generally there was present the buckle of a broad belt, often decorated applique for belt and scabbard, fashioned of gold, silver or bronze. Small gold plates seem to have been sewed to the coat in the shape of a cross. One grave contained a heavy cuirass of plates bound together with iron wire. The horsemen had big shears for clipping manes and a large bronze feed trough with two movable handles. Often bits, saddles and harness were laid beside the dead.

By the women were worn gold hairpins with rounded flat heads, gold earrings of different shapes, finger rings and gold plates. One ring has the names Geroutius and Regina engraved on it. Crosses and necklaces of gold and beads of glass, silver bracelets, pottery vases and plates of glass, cups, combs and other articles of the toilet accompany the remains of women.

HOW A WATCH WORKS.

A Vibrating Wheel Takes the Place of the Clock's Pendulum.

A watch differs from a clock in its having a vibrating wheel instead of a vibrating pendulum and as in a clock gravity is always pulling the pendulum down to the bottom of its arc, which is its natural place of rest, but does not fix it there because the momentum acquired during its fall from one side carries it up to an equal height on the other, so in a watch a spring, generally spiral, surrounding the axis of the balance wheel, is always pulling this toward a middle position of rest, but does not fix it there because the momentum acquired during its approach to the middle position from either side carries it just as far past on the other side, and the spring has to begin its work again. The balance wheel at each vibration allows one tooth of the adjoining wheel to pass, as the pendulum does in a clock, and the record of beats is preserved by the wheel which follows. A mainspring is used to keep up the motion of the watch instead of the weight used in a clock, and as a spring acts equally well, whatever be its position, a watch keeps time, although carried in the pocket or in a moving ship. In winding up a watch one turn of the axle on which the key is fixed is rendered equivalent by the train of wheels to about 400 turns or beats of the balance wheel, and thus the exertion during a few seconds of the hand which winds up gives motion for twenty-four or thirty hours.

Some Sources of Headache.

Among the many things that produce headache are long continued straining of the eyes, sudden excitement, bad air and want of ventilation, alcoholic drinks and a variety of other causes. Another fruitful source of headache in men is the absurd fashion of hats which society now imposes. Tight boots and shoes will also cause headache and destroy comfort of motion and happiness. They prevent the flow of blood to the extremities and cause slight congestion of the brain. Tea drinking is often an unsuspected cause of headache, causing, as it does, exhaustion of the nervous system, and coffee the same thing.

The Eyes of Cupid

By KEITH GORDON

Copyright, 1904, by Mary McKeon.

"Give me a sensible girl," said Billy as he unconsciously began to respond to Mrs. Jack's artful promptings of the last half hour, which had, however been so deftly administered that he did not so much as suspect that he was being pumped dry on the subject of his ideal woman. "Give me a girl with no nonsense about her."

He paused impressively and stared dreamily into the haze of blue smoke that surrounded them as if striving to call his ideal clearly up before his mind's eye.

"Venus de Milo waist and common sense shoes?" suggested Mrs. Jack who for reasons of her own wished to get the outer semblance of Billy's ideal woman clearly impressed upon her memory.

Billy's glare withdrew itself from the shadowy haze and rested upon his friend's wife. For a brief moment his taste wavered, deflected by the bewitching thinness of her dainty shoe foot, which had an apologetic air of being more ornamental than useful. Then he reverted sternly to his ideal once more.

"Er—yes," he began—"that is, if it is necessary," he added weakly, finding his companion's appearance fatally antagonistic to his theories.

As she had explained to her husband while dressing for dinner that evening, she felt responsible for Billy, and though the former had assured her that Billy was a "husky brute" and could take care of himself, she had not been convinced.

"I took you away from him," she had argued with soft persistence, "and of course he must be awfully lonely up there in the old rooms. It isn't as if he had you," she had ended, with an inflection that had caused her husband, who was at the moment deftly manipulating his hairbrushes, to flash a half humorous glance at his image in the mirror and then cross the room to her side.

With an orange wood stick in one hand and the finger tips of the other rosy with pomade, she had reached up and recklessly pulled his head down beside her own. Temporarily the lonely Billy had been forgotten. Then the very excess of their happiness had made her heart smite her.

"It must be awfully lonely for him," she had resumed as if their conversation had received no interruption, "and since it's all my fault, I feel as if I ought to find him a wife."

Now, encouraged by Mrs. Jack's sympathetic, questioning eyes, Billy rambled on, explaining that, though he was not a marrying man, there were moments, when he hoped that some time he might have a hearth of his own, etc. Though apparently listening with sweet interest, his hostess was in reality reviewing the list of her friends in search of the possible girl. One by one they seemed to pass before her, a smiling, teasing procession of blonds and brunettes. But none of them, she realized with some disappointment, could exactly be described as a "girl with no nonsense about her," and from the fervor of Billy's convictions it was apparent that no other need apply.

Then, just as two worried lines of thought began to appear on her smooth forehead and as Billy was winding up with, "You see how it is, Mrs. Jack—the girls of today are too brilliant and worldly for a humdrum fellow like me!" the face of Virginia Blair arose before her, and the lines disappeared in the radiance of a bright, assured smile.

"She certainly is good looking in a dreadfully noble manner," the young matchmaker thought to herself as she revolved schemes for bringing the two together, "but I suppose Billy admires that type. And she doesn't pinch her feet or her waist. Obviously she was made for Billy."

At the dinner party which she gave soon after for that particular though unexpressed purpose of bringing them together Billy took Miss Blair out. She was a tall, handsome girl, with dark, serious eyes and smooth, heavy hair. Before the first course had disappeared Billy had discovered that she and life took each other seriously, and he had an uncomfortable feeling when her serious gaze fell upon him that he was a trivial sort of fellow after all. When she asked for his views upon municipal reform, he was sure of it. He was as confused and nonplused as if a canary bird had suddenly begun to bark.

For years he remembered that dinner with a sort of horror. He and Miss Blair, it seemed to him afterward, had worked like galley slaves, discussing all the knotty problems of the day. Around them were lightness, gayety and laughter, especially on the other side of the table, where Tessie Loring, who was the very embodiment of feminine frivolity, bubbled and dimpled and cast languishing glances about her.

Mrs. Jack had often wondered whether there would be anything left of Tessie should the dainty gown, hats, shoes and veils be swept away, for she seemed nothing more than a spirit born of a collection of filmy garments.

"Swish of silk, flutter of lace, odor of violets, flash of eyes and teeth and eternal chatter!" Mrs. Jack summed up ungraciously as she keenly noted Billy's wandering glances. "What possessed me to include her in a party for the benefit of a man who likes sensible girls! I can see that he's growing so disgusted that he wants to escape the entire sex." And with a shade of suppressed annoyance she rose, formulating an intention to keep Tessie as far as possible from Mr. Staunton for the rest of the evening.

It seemed, therefore, almost too unfortunate that the two should happen to meet again at her house late one afternoon of the following week, having been moved to make their bread and butter call at the same hour of the same day.

Tessie was at her best—or worst—and rattled away in the patois of society in a manner that would have been appalling had it been less picturesque. Billy's face was a study, but whatever his thoughts were his attention was unmistakable. Not one of Tessie's glances—sometimes merry, sometimes coquettish and sometimes brimming with a babyish sweetness intended to make him feel how big and strong and different he was—failed of its mark. Tessie did not know much, but that what she knew she knew remarkably well was slowly borne in upon Mrs. Jack during the half hour.

When the distant thud of the front door at last proclaimed her departure from the premises Billy, who had outstayed her, burst into an uncontrollable guffaw, in which his hostess joined him somewhat ruefully. But the outburst was not followed by any of the caustic remarks that might have been expected from a bachelor of his views and standing. On the contrary, a genial, amused gleam lingered in his eyes the amusement of a grownup with a dainty, foolish, attractive child.

"Tessie is such a silly little thing," observed Mrs. Jack apologetically "you mustn't mind her."

"Mind her!" ejaculated her visitor warmly. "I should say not! She's great!" And he chuckled reminiscently.

But on the subject of Miss Blair Mrs. Jack found him unresponsive.

"Do you suppose he's interested and doesn't want to show it?" she demanded of Jack, that fountain of wisdom at the dinner table. "Because Virginia's precisely the sort of girl he pretends to admire. Now that Eve found his ideal for him he doesn't seem to appreciate her."

Her husband laughed at the chagrin in her voice.

"If he doesn't fall in love with the lady we've provided"—

"According to his plans and specifications," giggled his wife.

"According to his own plans and specifications—why, I'll punch his head."

But in spite of his opportunities Billy remained cold to the charms of the sensible Miss Blair. In time Mrs. Jack noticed that it became increasingly difficult to throw them together. Billy simply would not be thrown.

"Provide a man with what he pretends to like and he immediately finds out that he doesn't want it," she reflected with justifiable cynicism. "He says he likes sensible girls, but he won't look at Virginia, though he will hover about that little idiot, Tessie Loring, like a moth about a flame."

And indeed there was plenty of foundation for her statement. Far from causing Billy to take to the woods, as Mrs. Jack had feared she might, Tessie seemed to exercise some subtle influences over him. The two were for ever meeting, both at Mrs. Jack's and elsewhere, by the merest chance, of course. And it was noticeable as time went on that, though they arrived separately, they invariably left together.

A month later he came to tell her of their engagement.

"A good many persons misjudge Tessie," he began, as if he felt that she might be one of the number, "but in reality she is one of the most sensible little girls in the world."

He said much more, and Mrs. Jack swallowing hard, accepted it all, agreeing with him at every point. But when she was alone again she laughed until the tears streamed down her cheeks and thus her husband found her.

"What under the heavens?" he inquired, but he got no further.

"Billy's going to marry Tessie Loring!" she announced breathlessly. "He says she is so sensible!"

Jack gave a low, incredulous whistle.

"Talk about love being blind!" he blurted out at last. "Why, love has an 'X' ray eye! Nothing short of an X ray could see anything sensible in Tessie."

And he thrust his hands in his pockets and roared with her.

Saved His Dignity.

One of the chief men in the early history of Weston, Mass., was Francis Fullam, commonly known as Squire Fullam. He was justice of the peace and one of the pillars of the church and on Sundays always sat with his eyes fixed upon the minister as if conscious of being a worthy example to the rest of the congregation. One Sabbath morning during Parson Woodward's sermon an old colored woman in the gallery fell asleep and tumbled off the bench to the floor, making a loud noise. Squire Fullam, who was rather deaf, knew that something unusual had occurred, and, feeling the dignity of his position as justice of the peace, he rose to his feet and called out:

"Stop, reverend sir!"

Mr. Woodward ceased speaking, and the old squire said in stentorian tones:

"If any one has discharged a gun in this meeting house, let him be brought before me tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock."

Some one explained to him the cause of the disturbance, and he added:

"If what I thought had happened, what I said was right. Proceed, reverend sir."

Thereupon Mr. Woodward resumed his discourse, and the service proceeded as usual.

THE FORCE OF FEAR.

Fright Was the Cause of the Death of Frederick I. of Prussia.

There are several well authenticated cases where fright was the cause of death. An English surgeon tells of a drummer in India across whose legs a harmless lizard crawled while he was half asleep. He was sure that a cobra had bitten him, and it was too much for his nerves, and he died.

Frederick I. of Prussia was killed by fear. His wife was insane, and one day she escaped from her keeper and, dabbling her clothes with blood, rushed upon her husband while he was dozing in his chair. King Frederick imagined her to be the white lady whose ghost was believed to invariably appear whenever the death of a member of the royal family was to occur, and he was thrown into a fever and died in six weeks.

But perhaps the most remarkable death from fear was that of the Dutch painter Pentman, who lived in the seventeenth century. One day he went into a room full of anatomical subjects to sketch some skulls and bones for a picture he intended to paint. The weather was very sultry, and while sketching he fell asleep. He was aroused by bones dancing around him and the skeletons suspended from the ceiling clashing together. In a fit of horror he threw himself out of the window. Though he sustained no serious injury and was informed that a slight earthquake had caused the commotion among the ghostly surroundings, he died of nervous tremor.

THE WREN BUSH.

An Old Custom Still Observed in Ireland at Christmas.

Among the many odd customs still observed in Ireland at Christmas few are more curious than the practice of carrying about "the wren bush" on St. Stephen's day, and antiquaries are puzzled to explain why the poor little "king of all birds" should be put to death on the festival of the first martyr.

The most probable explanation is that the wren was sacred to the Druids and was used by them in divination and other pagan rites at the festival of the winter solstice, which almost coincided with Christmas, and consequently the clergy urged their converts to destroy the birds which were associated with such unholy rites, just as St. Patrick's relentless destruction of the images of serpents, used in the ancient pagan worship of Ireland, gave rise to the legend that he—

Gave the snakes and toads a twist
And banished them all forever!

This seems the more likely, because "dreen," the old Irish name for "wren," also means "a Druid," and old folk still call "Jenny" the "Druid bird" and say that she has the gift of prophecy and that those who can interpret her twitterings as she hovers about a house or flies from bush to bush can read the future. In the library of Trinity college, Dublin, there is a curious document describing how to interpret the notes of the wren.—Maud E. Sargent in Longman's Magazine.

Lawyers and the Law.

I expeck it 'd be only a poor lawyer couldn't argue a cow into a cow—'n' out of her again, too, fr that matter—'n' Mr. Weskin ain't no poor lawyer. He's fine 's they make. Of course a good deal of the time no one knows what he means, but that ain't nothin' ag'in him, fr I think with a lawyer you generally don't. It's a part of their business not to let no one know what they mean, fr if law was simple no one 'd ever get fooled.

It takes another lawyer to see what a lawyer is doin', anyhow. When a lawyer says anything is so to me I never take no time to disbelieve him, 'cause he'd never got to be in the law a tall if he wan't able to prove the truth of his own lyin'."—Susan Clegg and Her Friend, Mrs. Lathrop," by Anne Warner.

Not Very Crazy.

A nobleman against whom insanity was imputed by his relatives was asked during examination by Lord Loughborough, "How many legs has a sheep?"

"Does your lordship mean a live or a dead sheep?" asked the nobleman.

"Is it not the same thing?" said the chancellor.

"No, my lord, there is much difference. A live sheep has four legs, a dead sheep but two. The others are shoulders."

A Town For Men Only.

On the borders between China and Russia, in Asia, almost due south of Lake Baikal, is a good sized town known as Maimatchiu, which is exclusively inhabited by men. The place has a considerable trade and is also a military post. An old law forbids women to live in this territory, and they cannot pass the great wall of Kalkan nor enter Mongolia at all.

Her Rest.

"So Mrs. Gadderly took the rest cure?"

"Yes."

"Did it cure her?"

"No, it didn't do her a bit of good. She's just as anxious to rest as she always was."—Omaha News.

A New Danger.

"I see they are talking of making clothes now out of some sort of wood."

"Gee whiz! Then I guess we'll find woodpeckers and squirrels in our clothes hereafter instead of moths."—Exchange.

Mean Thing.

Mrs. Ferguson—George, dear, how do you like my new hat? Mr. Ferguson—Do you want my real opinion of it, Laura? Mrs. Ferguson—No, I don't, you mean thing.—Chicago Tribune.

Subscribe for
The MINER
and get all
the news

The Miner and Tribune Farmer
$1.25 per year in advance. Subscribe now.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?
The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

When History Repeated Itself

By INA WRIGHT HANSON

Copyright, 1904, by Ina Wright Hanson

Miss Eugenie Barnett looked discontentedly across the veranda at her blond cousin in the cushion piled hammock.

"You've no business to be so pretty, Julia Knox, and to look so absurdly young. You are just as old as I am, and that is twenty-s"—

"Hush!" The little widow sat up quickly. "You mustn't, Eugenie. If we think we are young and never acknowledge that we are not young we'll fool the people into thinking"—

"A pocket edition of blue and gold," continued Eugenie morosely. "That's what Dr. Hunt called you, and it suits you too. I tell you, Julia, it's little short of tragedy to worship beauty as I do and be homely as a hedge fence myself!"

"The cypress hedge fence at the foot of my garden is beautiful, I think," said the widow, lying back among her cushions again. "Find another simile, Eugenie."

The girl turned away impatiently with smarting eyes. She was so tired of the continually booming breakers and drearily whistling buoy. She wished she hadn't come to California to visit Julia Knox. If Julia weren't a widow or if Dr. Hunt weren't spending his vacation here or if Julia weren't so pretty and she so plain or if"—

"Eugenie, dear"—Mrs. Knox looked out of half shut, baby blue eyes—"do you think it was prearranged for you and Frankie Hunt and me to play together as children and meet again at Santa Cruz as grownups? Don't you think that Dr. Hunt"—

"Who fishes my good name?"

When a tall young man came around the porch corner he saw only Mrs. Knox. Her cousin had disappeared.

As Eugenie entered her room her cousin's clear tones floated through the open window.

"She is having one of her spells again because she isn't a Helen of Troy, and it reminds me of our school days. Do you remember when she cut off her hair in a rage because it was brown and straight instead of yellow and curly like mine?"

"Now, I call that mean of Julia," Eugenie thought, her face growing crimson as she heard them laugh. If she had not shut the window just then she might have heard the doctor's answer.

"No one but Eugenie thinks her face isn't good to look at."

By and by Julia ascended the stairs and tapped at her cousin's door.

"Dr. Hunt has his auto here and wishes us to ride with him. Get your hat and come on."

"Thanks. I have another engagement."

"All right," answered the widow sweetly. "I'll try to make up for your absence."

"I don't doubt it," observed Eugenie.

Mrs. Knox went down five steps and paused. She wrinkled her white brow unbecomingly, sighed and went back.

"Honey," she called softly, her pretty lips at the keyhole, "did no one ever tell you that along with the Barnett nose you inherited the Barnett trick of making folks like you?"

Eugenie's grim features relaxed. "Good little Julia," she sighed as the red auto puffed away.

Her mind trailed back into the past. She was a little, dark faced girl again, playing with Frankie Hunt, her sworn champion until her cousin, Julia Epps, came to school. Personified daintiness was Julia Epps, from the blue bow on her yellow curls to the black bows on her tiny slippers.

One miserable, lonely noon hour Eugenie peered around the beech tree where she and he had always played together and saw something the memory of which even after a dozen years made a green flame leap into the woman Eugenie's eyes. Frankie Hunt was putting on Julia Epps' finger the ring which he had been digging out of a black button for her, Eugenie Barnett.

Another day she and Julia sat on Julia's mother's porch eating cookies. With her free hand Julia smoothed her ruffled white apron complacently.

"He says he loves me the best of anybody," she announced coquettishly.

"Tomorrow is the last day of school," answered her cousin, "and my mamma says I may wear my lovely new dress. Then you'll see whom he likes best."

The fair Julia tossed her golden curls and answered grandly, "I think dresses won't make any difference in his love."

"You'll see," Eugenie replied darkly.

That night Eugenie braided her somewhat curtailed tresses into numerous tight little braids. Next day, arrayed in the new dress—how well she remembered the gay plaids—with fluttering ribbons, kinky locks and the mien of a conqueror, she entered the schoolroom after the other children were seated.

With cleverly assumed carelessness she glanced in Julia's direction. That young lady was wearing the same dress she had worn several times before, and, glory, that same old white apron! Eugenie wore no apron. She had been forced to start with one, but it was lying ingloriously under a stone in a fence corner. Retribution lay within its crumpled folds, but retribution could wait.

Just before recess she looked at Frankie Hunt. His eyes had been fixed upon her all the morning, and now he smiled entreatingly. Eugenie modestly lowered her eyes. At recess she stayed in her seat, being very busy with her geography. Frankie Hunt was tying a refractory shoe string. When the teacher was out of sight he jumped over four intervening desks to Eugenie's seat.

"You look awful nice, Genie. Will you be my girl?" he said.

And Eugenie answered solemnly, "If you'll cross your heart and hope to die you'll always love me better'n Julia Epps."

The woman Eugenie laughed and came back to the present.

"History sometimes repeats itself," she remarked. "I don't see now why Julia Knox"—

A half mile from Mrs. Knox's cottage the red auto, puffing back, came upon a surprising sight. A young woman, looking at once defiant and apologetic, her white dress mud spattered and blood stained, her brown hair blown about by a saucy sea breeze, stood by the roadside holding in her arms a dilapidated yellow mongrel, one leg swathed stiff in plaid silk bandages.

"Eugenie, where in the world are you going with that dirty dog?" shrilled the widow.

"Honie," answered Eugenie laconically, turning toward a short cut across the hill.

"What's this?" and Dr. Hunt stepped out of the auto. "Broken leg, eh? Well, old fellow, you are in luck to get a capable surgeon in your hour of calamity. Silk bandages, too. I wonder if the splints are gold or ivory."

"I had forgotten my handkerchief, so I had to use my neck ribbon," she explained, starting to go.

"Get in here, Genie!" He used the pet name as in the old days. "This is better than walking."

"Oh, don't!" shrieked Julia Knox. "Don't get in here with that awful dog! I can't bear the sight of blood!" She closed her eyes shudderingly.

The little dog whined softly and tried to lick Eugenie's face. Her pulse leaped as she met the doctor's eyes.

"You did it scientifically, and you aren't a bit pale. Shouldn't you like to be a doctor?"

"Or a doctor's wife?" suggested Julia Knox, a trifle maliciously.

"Will you, dear?" he asked eagerly, watching the color flood her dark cheek. "Will you be this doctor's wife?"

"Well!" said the pretty widow explosively, "I guess I'm not needed here, Eugenie, if you can guarantee that little beast not to bite. I suppose I can take him home for you."

"I can't," said Eugenie happily, starting for the third time across the hill.

"But," interposed the doctor, "you haven't answered my question. Will you be my girl, Genie?"

She looked back at him with radiant eyes and answered with mock solemnity:

"If you'll cross your heart and hope to die that you'll always love me better'n Julia Knox."

She Had Her Way.

The late Counselor E., chairman of the quarter sessions for Dublin, was so remarkable for his leniency to female culprits that a woman was seldom convicted when he presided.

On one occasion when this humane barrister was in the chair a prim looking woman was put to the bar of the commission court, at which presided the equally humane though perhaps not so gallant Baron S.

She was indicted for uttering forged bank notes. According to usual forms of law, the clerk of the crown asked the prisoner if she was ready to take her trial.

With becoming disdain she answered "No!" She was told by the clerk she must give her reasons why.

As if scorning to hold conversation with the official, she thus addressed his lordship: "My lord, I won't be tried here at all. I'll be tried by my Lord E."

The simplicity of the woman, coupled with the well known character of E., caused a roar of laughter in the court which even the bench could not resist.

Baron S., with his usual mildness, was about to explain the impossibility of her being tried by the popular judge and said, "He can't try you," when the woman stopped him short and, with an inimitable sneer, exclaimed:

"Can't try me? I beg your pardon, my lord; he tried me twice before."

She was tried, however, and for the third time acquitted.

Where Time Is Nothing.

Miss Mary E. Dunham in her book of travels through the Balkan states says she found that the idea of women traveling without a male escort in those countries struck the people whom she met as most singular. A Montenegrin was also astonished at an expenditure of money upon travel which seemed to him without an adequate purpose.

The English, he had been told, wanted to see and know everything. They traveled everywhere. It must be a very expensive habit. It had perhaps cost me £8, he suggested, to come this distance. I admitted that it had, and he expressed great astonishment at the Irish expenditure.

"And it takes not only money, but time," said my companion.

He laughed merrily. "Time! What is time? Time is nothing. You live, and then you die." The idea of reckoning "time" amused him vastly.

"Time," said a Hungarian who was of the party, in order to show his superior knowledge, "is thought very much of by the English. I have been told that they have a proverb which says, 'Time is money.'"

We corroborated this report, to the astonishment of both men; for even the Hungarian thought this was going rather far. The Montenegrin thought it one of the wildest statements he had ever met with and shook his puzzled head.

A Lesson in Boxing.

"What are you going to do, Henry?" asked Mrs. Uptodate as her husband unwrapped a pair of boxing gloves.

"I'm going to give Willie some lessons in self defense," he answered. "Every boy should know how to take care of himself in an emergency. Come on, Willie. I won't hurt you."

Twenty minutes later Mr. Uptodate returned, with a hand up to his face.

"Get me a piece of raw meat to put on my eye and some arnica," he said.

"Why, you don't mean to say that Willie"—

"No, I don't. Of course I don't. I've discovered that the only way to teach that boy is with a strap."—New York Press.

THEBES GLASS WORKERS.

The High Art That Flourished Over Forty Centuries Ago.

The glassblowers of ancient Thebes are known to have been equally as proficient in that particular art as is the most scientific craftsman of the same trade of the present day, after a lapse of over forty centuries of so called "progress." They were well acquainted with the art of staining glass and are known to have produced that commodity in great profusion and perfection. Rossellini gives an illustration of a piece of stained glass known to be 4,000 years old which displayed artistic taste of high order, both in tint and design.

In this case the color is struck through the vitrified structure, and he mentions designs struck entirely in pieces from a half to three-quarters of an inch thick, the color being perfectly incorporated with the structure of the piece and exactly the same on both the obverse and reverse sides.

The priests of Ptah at Memphis were adepts in the glassmaker's art, and not only did they have factories for manufacturing the common crystal variety, but they had learned the vitrifying of the different colors and of imitating precious stones to perfection. Their imitations of the amethyst and of the various other colored gems were so true to nature that even now, after they have lain in the desert sands from 2,000 to 4,000 years, it takes an expert to distinguish the genuine articles from the spurious. It has been shown that, besides being experts in glassmaking and coloring, they also used the diamond in cutting and engraving. In the British museum there is a beautiful piece of stained glass with an engraved emblazonment of the monarch Thothmes III., who lived 3,400 years ago.

KEEP UP YOUR ENERGY.

Stand Erect and Walk as Though You Were Somebody.

Never allow your physical standard to drop. Keep up your energy. Walk as if you were somebody and were going to do something worth while in the world, so that even a stranger will note your bearing and mark your superiority. If you have fallen into a habit of walking in a listless, indolent way, turn right about face at once and make a change. You don't want to shuffle along like the failures we often see sitting around on park benches or lolling about the streets, with their hands in their pockets, or haunting intelligence offices and wondering why fate has been so hard with them. You don't want to give people the impression that you are discouraged or that you are already falling to the rear. Straighten up, then! Stand erect! Be a man! You are a child of the Infinite King. You have royal blood in your veins. Emphasize it by your bearing. A man who is conscious of his kinship with God and of his power and who believes thoroughly in himself walks with a firm, vigorous step, with his head erect, his chin in, his shoulders thrown back and down, and his chest well projected in order to give a large lung capacity. He is the man who does things.

You cannot aspire or accomplish great or noble things so long as you assume the attitude and bearing of a coward or weakling. If you would be noble and do noble things you must look up. You were made to look upward and to walk upright, not to look down or to shamble along in a semihorizontal position. Put character, dignity, nobility, into your walk.—Success.

Native Dress in Tibet.

The native dress of Tibet consists essentially of a very wide gown five and a half feet long, with long sleeves, tightened in at the waist and gathered up so as not to fall below the ankles of the men of quality, or the townsmen, nor below the knees of the common people, who have much walking and work to do. Thus gathered up, the gown puffs out at the breast, forming a huge pocket. At night the wearer lets it fall and is thus wrapped up from his ears to his feet; as in a bed. Tibetan women wear the same gown—it is called a "chuba"—letting it hang down to the ankle. Their dress varies according to the locality to which they belong.

A Definition.

"Diplomacy, Lester," said the henpecked man, replying to the inquiry of his small son during, it may not be necessary to explain, the temporary absence of the majestic wife of the one and mother of the other, "diplomacy is what makes a man carve a turkey and unselfishly deal out to his family and the visitors their favorite helps, including the only portions which he himself really likes and at the same time look like a putty saint."—Smart Set.

One View of Wedlock.

An Englishwoman had had a good deal of trouble with her husband, who, according to her account, was a monster of iniquity. Some one asked why she had married a person of such character. "Well, you see, he ain't my first," was the reply. "I was particklar about my first. This here's my second, and a bad un at that. But there"—with a shrug of the shoulders—"he's a shade better than the work'us!"

His Facial Furrow.

Mr. Billson, between whose lower lip and chin there was an unusually deep wrinkle, spoke impatiently to the barber.

"Haven't you got my face shaved yet?" he asked.

"Not quite, sir," said the barber apologetically, "I haven't dug your ditch yet."—Chicago Tribune.

Eggs have their faults, but, at any rate, they are never too fresh.—Philadelphia Record.

I have money to loan on real estate no matter where located, at 4½ and 5 per cent. interest. There is no reason for paying a larger interest than this. If you have real estate that will warrant a loan, write to me about it. All correspondence strictly confidential.

F. Armington Pearsy,
Mortgage Broker,
1090 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

DID HIS BEST.

He Brought the Only Cant Hook That He Could Find.

If the report of the Fulton Gazette is true a Missouri farmer, accompanied by several of his hired men, went into the woods one morning in the fall of the year to cut down some trees. When about to begin work it was discovered that the cant hook had been left behind. Turning to one of the men, an Irishman not very long over, the farmer instructed him to drive back to the barn for the missing tool. The Irishman did not know what a cant hook looked like, but was averse to exposing his ignorance, so drove off on his errand, trusting to find some one at the farm who would enlighten him.

At the barn, however, there was no one to help him out of his dilemma. Casting his eyes about the place for the thing that would be most likely to bear the name of "cant hook," he saw a mulley cow with never a sign of a horn upon its head and concluded it was what he had been sent for.

Procuring a rope he fastened the cow to the rear end of his vehicle and exultingly drove back to the woods.

"What the Sam Hill have you got there?" shouted the farmer on seeing his messenger and the cow. "I sent you for the cant hook to use in moving the logs. What have you brought that cow for?"

"Be jabers, boss, divil another thing could I see around the barn that can't hook but this."

The Secret of Success.

Forty million bottles of August Flower sold in the United States alone since its introduction! And the demand for it is still growing. Isn't that a fine showing of success? Don't it prove that August Flower has had unfailing success in the cure of indigestion and dyspepsia—the two greatest enemies of health and happiness? Does it not afford the best evidence that August Flower is a sure specific for all stomach and intestinal disorders?—that it has proved itself the best of all liver regulators? August Flower has a matchless record of over thirty-five years in curing the ailing millions of these distressing complaints—a success that is becoming wider in its scope every day, at home and abroad, as the fame of August Flower spreads. Trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. For sale by H. C. Wells.

Wanted.

Men and women in this county and adjoining territories to represent and advertise an old established house of solid financial standing. Salary to men $21 weekly, to women $12 to $18 weekly with expenses advanced each Monday by check direct from headquarters. Horse and buggy furnished when necessary; position permanent. Address Blew Bros. & Co., Dept. A, Monon Bldg., Chicago, Ill. 39-45-6t.

C. A. BURDICK
—DEALER IN—
Pianos, Organs and Musical Instruments of all kinds, Wheeler & Wilson Domestic and other Sewing Machines.
Also representing old and reliable Fire, Life, Accident and Sickness Insurance Companies.
C. A. BURDICK
Main St. Smethport, Pa.

Palmer & Vickery
LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES
FOR SALE,
Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.
Smethport - Penn.
March 5, 1903.

When out for a Walk

It wouldn't be a bad idea to come in and see us. Wife told you about some plumbing needed fixing and now is the time to see about it.

PLUMBERS and BUNGLERS

are different. We are the plumbers that never bungle. A job done by us stays done. Doesn't cost half as much in the end as bungling. Bad plumbing is a serious matter. Why not always employ us and be sure of good work.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

NOTICE.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNTS OF ADMINISTRATORS, Executors and Guardians, having been settled in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport, in and for the county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, on the second Monday of December, A. D. 1904:

First and partial account of John B. Collins, administrator of the estate of Delia Collins, deceased.

First and final account of August Mellander, administrator of the estate of Carl Edward Poehl, deceased.

First and final account of Inga M. Liljendahl and Ralph E. Burdick, administrators of the estate of Charles W. Liljendahl, deceased.

First and final account of William J. Hogan, executor of the last Will and Testament of Edward Ryan, deceased.

First and final account of Gurdon Williams, guardian of Nellie Mae Conver, minor child of Alfred W. Conver, deceased.

First, final and distributive account of George M. Hickman, guardian of William W. Benedict, minor child of Edwin E. Benedict, deceased.

First and final account of S. H. Smith, administrator c. t. a. of the estate of Emma Beam, deceased.

First and final account of Etta Swartzfager, administratrix of the estate of Henry Swartzfager, deceased.

First and final account of Myra E. Whitney, executrix of the last Will and Testament of Henry P. Whitney, deceased.

First and final account of John Mell and Johanna Mell, administrators of the estate of Swan Peterson, deceased.

JOHN B. EASTMAN, Register.
Smethport, Pa., November 12, 1904.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 25, June Term, 1904.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Helen Mae Van Sickles did, on the 24th day of February, 1904, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Dell Van Sickles.

We therefore command you, the said Dell Van Sickles, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the second Monday of December next, to answer the petition or libel of Helen Mae Van Sickles and show cause, if any you have, why the said Helen Mae Van Sickles, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy. CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., November 16th, 1904.
John N. Apple, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 80, February Term, 1904.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Lesser H. Cohn did, on the 5th day of January, 1904, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Ida E. Cohn.

We therefore command you, the said Ida E. Cohn, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the second Monday of December next to answer the petition or libel of Lesser H. Cohn and show cause, if any you have, why the said Lesser H. Cohn your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy. CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., November, 16th, 1904.
Berry & Edgett, Libellant's Attorneys.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

It Will Cost Only One Cent,

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a Fational Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their familfes and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's ICE CREAM and Soda with Crushed Fruits.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

Gorton & Richmond.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Bouton.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

E. L. Keenan.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office adjoining Residence, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

Byron D. Hamlin. John Forrest.
Hamlin & Forrest
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

E. R. Mayo & Son.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, - - - Penn'a
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. P. Sherman,
PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 30 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 302-B.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 2 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

G. E. Benninghoff,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, at Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brown,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 2 to 3 p. m. Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. R. Baker,
DENTIST.
Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

Hotels.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.,
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

HOTEL IMPERIAL,
Main street, Smethport, Pa., Daniel Bacon, Proprietor.
This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

SARTWELL HOUSE,
PORT ALLEGANY, PA.
Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.
C. S. KING, PROPRIETOR.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
F. L. SHERBURNE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,
CLERMONT, PENNA.
This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

Just Received!
The Finest and most complet line of
Picture Mouldings
ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.
"IKE" GLEASON. The Photographer
Smethport, Pa.